



No. 64.—Vol. V.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1894.

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HARMONY.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

Lord Bowen, who died early this morning, has not long survived his predecessor, Lord Hannen, in the Court of Appeal. Born in 1835, and joining the Bar in 1861, he figured prominently among the counsel in the Tichborne case, and turned out some remarkable pupils, notably Mr. Asquith. Though he never took silk, he was made a judge of the Queen's Bench Division in 1879, and last year succeeded Lord Hannen. In the Court of Appeal to-day, Lord Esher said his knowledge of the law was so vast, and his mind so beautifully fine and subtle, that he was able to deliver perfectly expressed essays upon the law which would be handed down to posterity. A very different man passed away about the same time in the person of the Marquis of Ailesbury, who was just thirty-one. His career was not a lovely one. At the age of twenty-one he married an actress; later, he was warned off Newmarket Heath, and then became a hopeless bankrupt, involving the much-disputed sale of the Savernake estate. He leaves no issue, being succeeded by his uncle.—The King and Queen of Italy and the Prince of Naples visited Queen Victoria at the Villa Fabbriotti this afternoon, and later in the day the Queen returned the visit at the Pitti Palace.—The Tasmanian Government were defeated by a majority of one in the Legislative Assembly on their proposed income-tax, and consequently resigned.—By a fire in a livery stable at Baltimore, 120 valuable horses were destroyed, the damage being £80,000.

Wednesday.

The Queen lunched with the King and Queen of Italy at the Pitti Palace. In the evening King Humbert and Queen Margherita returned to Rome.—Mr. Sydney Grundy is not an optimist as to the progress of his craft, for at the annual dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Benevolent Fund he said that, whatever might be the fashion of the hour, the drama that would prevail in the future would be the drama which had prevailed in the past, which in its lighter forms afforded rational recreation.—The Bishop of London, at the London Diocesan Conference, deprecated the School Board circular, but to no avail.—Mr. Balfour, speaking at Bradford, said the attacks of the Government on the House of Lords and the Scotch and Welsh Churches were prompted simply by the consideration that these were Unionist institutions.—A bomb was exploded last night at Argenteuil, in the garden of a justice of the peace, who has been making domiciliary visits among the Anarchists, but no damage was done.—The Superior Council of War at Madrid has recommended the Government to refuse a request from the British authorities at Gibraltar for the concession of a supply of drinking water from Spanish territory.—Angry demonstrations have taken place at Valencia in connection with the departure of pilgrims for Rome.—A general strike has been ordered by the United States Mine Workers' Convention.

Thursday.

Mr. Goschen poked fun at Scotland in addressing his constituents to-night. The "Scottish Prime Minister" told Scotland to rise over the House of Lords question, but Scotland did not obey. The proposed Scotch Grand Committee was thoroughly unfair to England. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach described the position of the Government as precarious. Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking in support of the Unionist candidate for the Shipley Division of the West Riding, went the length of saying that he hoped the election would result in the triumph of right over wrong.—The London School Board declined by twenty-one votes to seventeen to withdraw the religious circular.—By eighty-six votes to eighty-two, the Court of Common Council agreed to open the Guildhall Loan Exhibition on Sundays.—Of the 12,513 tons of fish landed at Billingsgate in March, 195 had to be destroyed as unfit for human food.—A "jumper" is a sort of strait-waistcoat. It is said to be in constant use at the Newton Abbot Workhouse, and an inquiry was opened on the subject by Lord Courtenay.—Extraordinary precautions were taken at Bow Street lest an attempt should be made to rescue Meunier, the Anarchist, who is charged with being concerned in the Café Vêry explosion.—The explosion at Argenteuil turns out to have been a joke.—The general election in Holland has resulted in the return of thirty supporters of the Premier and thirty-eight of his opponents.—The wheat harvest in the Central Provinces of India is said to have failed.

Friday.

After a preliminary interruption, rebuked by the Speaker, Mr. John Morley introduced a Bill to reduce the period of qualification for Parliamentary and Local Government electors and for other purposes. The Bill was mildly criticised by Mr. Balfour.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived in London, after five weeks' stay at Brighton, and went to Dollis Hill, Lord Aberdeen's seat, which they have often visited before.—A funeral service in memory of Lord Bowen took place in Lincoln's Inn Chapel simultaneously with the burial of the late judge at Slough.—The news of a British Protectorate to be established over Uganda has been satisfactorily received in Zanzibar.—The Prince of Wales's Levée at St. James's Palace was numerously attended.—One of the Grand Old Men of America, the Hon. David Dudley Field, died to-day. He had been leader of the Bar for over fifty years, and took a deep interest in juridical matters; he was brother of Mr. Cyrus Field, whose name is linked with the first Atlantic cable. Mr. Field presided over the Peace Congress which was held in London some years ago; he was over eighty years of age.—The Salters' Company celebrated their five-hundredth anniversary with the usual banquet, and were honoured with a speech on corporate life by Professor Huxley.

Saturday.

The sensational news of the day in the Metropolis was the arrest of a young Italian Anarchist named Polti. He had in his possession an empty bomb, and in his lodgings in Clerkenwell a considerable quantity of explosive material and Anarchist literature was found. The police believe that they have discovered the clue to an intended outrage.—Mr. Henry Irving opened his campaign for the season at the Lyceum with "Faust."—The Booksellers' Trade Dinner was held, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Professor Goldwin Smith, in responding to the toast of "Literature," proposed by Sir Francis Jeune, protested against political and religious novels as a sin against art and truth.—Mr. Scott Hall is a gentleman who bought Cumnor Place, near Oxford, from Lord Abingdon, under the impression that he was becoming possessed of the house haunted by Amy Robsart's ghost; but he has discovered that the Cumnor Place referred to by Sir Walter Scott stood some distance away, and in the Chancery Division he sought the rescission of his contract to buy the house.—The Marquis of Ailesbury was buried in the family vault at St. Katherine's, Savernake Forest.—"Baby-minders" are wanted in infant schools by the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, which held its quarterly meeting to-day.—The Emperor William left Vienna for Coburg.—The sub-committee of the French Naval Commission were told by M. Lockroy that his fears on naval administration had been increased by the facts ascertained.

Sunday.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, addressing the St. Pancras Branch of the Irish National League of Great Britain, said that shortly after his resignation Mr. Gladstone expressed to him his absolute confidence in the fidelity of the Government to Home Rule and his belief in Lord Rosebery's devotion to the cause.—Two men who were attempting to hold a religious demonstration in Hyde Park had to beat a retreat, owing to the hostile demonstrations of a crowd of men and boys. Scenes of this character have recently become very common in the park.—The beatification of Juan d'Avila, the sixteenth century Spanish preacher and theologian, took place at St. Peter's in Rome. Seven thousand Spanish pilgrims, with twenty of their bishops, were present. In the afternoon the Pope went into St. Peter's to pray before the altar of the newly beatified saint.—The Grand Duke of Hesse arrived at Coburg for the royal wedding, and was received with great ceremony by the Duke of Coburg.—The German Empress left Abbazia for Venice.

Monday.

The Anarchist Polti, arrested on Saturday, appeared at Bow Street to-day. He is about twenty-one years of age, of very square build, and belongs to the Individualist section of the party. He is said to have been a great friend of Bourdin. It appears that he was tracked by a woman detective.—Sir George Grey, the Grand Old Man of the Antipodes, who arrived in London on Saturday, has been interviewed. He maintains unshaken confidence in his familiar cause of Anglo-Saxon Federation, which should hold the balance of the world for righteousness.—The *Daily News* was enlarged to ten pages.—The Egyptian Ministerial crisis has come. Riaz Pasha has retired, and Nubar Pasha takes his place at the head of the new Government.—Admiral de Mello, the Brazilian insurgent, has surrendered to the Uruguayan authorities, with several hundred of his men. He had been defeated at Rio Grande do Sul, and landed with them unarmed on the Uruguayan coast.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,

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On Wednesday, April 25, will be produced a play called A BUNCH OF VIOLETS, by Sydney Grundy.—HAYMARKET.

## LYCEUM.—FAUST.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.

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Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 till 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

## DALY'S THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

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Box-office daily 9 to 5.

## EMPIRE.—TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets. KATRINA, at 7.50,

and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10.30, by Mr. George Edwards, arranged by Madame Katti Lanner, music by Monsieur Leopold Wenel and Mr. Ernest Ford, supported by Mlle. Brambilla, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Cavallazzi. Grand Varieties: Vanoni, the Avolo Boys, the Three Judges, Charles Tilbury, Marie Lloyd, Paul Cinquevalli, Cliff Ryland, Ducreux and Giralduc, Clara Wieland. Doors open 7.30. TO-NIGHT, at 9.30, an entirely new series of LIVING PICTURES. Another Empire success.

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## SWIMMING AND SNAKE-CHARMING.

## A TALK WITH "LADY GODIVA."

Every seven years the good people of Coventry make merry over the removal of exactions about which tradition says a good deal, but of which historians know very little. A few years before William of Normandy crossed the "silver streak," the lord of Coventry acted rather harshly towards his tenants. He refused to make any reduction of rents, or to give them any compensation for unexhausted improvements such as the modern agriculturist expects, and even went so far as to steal their corn and eat their cattle. He was essentially a landlord of the baronial school, and would probably have eaten the tenants as well if his good wife hadn't restrained him. She importuned him on the tenants' behalf, and he rather rashly promised that if she would ride naked through the town he would behave better in future. She did—and he did.

Of course, this is very stale news, but it may interest somebody to know that the lady's name was "Godiva." I mention this weighty fact to show the extent of my erudition and the quality of my acquaintances, for "Lady Godiva" is one of my personal friends. I met her one night at the Westminster Aquarium, a fact which I hope no one will distort to her disadvantage. All Coventry is ready to affirm that she is the descendant of the Mercian lord, for did she not in 1892 ride through the Cycle City on a milk-white steed amid the jubulations of the citizens?

I recently had a little chat with "Lady Godiva" at the Aquarium, where she is better known as Alice Sinclair. On and off for six years she has performed at that well-known resort, appearing regularly twice a day in the enclosure sacred to the naiads of Westminster. Of fine physical proportions, she combines grace and dexterity in the water, which have made her pre-eminent in her profession.

Like Thetis, she sprang from the flood. "I began to swim at five years of age," she remarks. "I was brought up by my uncle, Thomas Clarke, a professional swimmer at Brighton. He taught me to swim at that early age, and I have been swimming ever since. Long before I was fourteen I had taken prizes in all the swimming competitions in the south of England."

"When did your professional career commence, then?"

"Not until I was fourteen years of age. I stayed with my uncle, receiving valuable instruction from him. He was a swimmer of the old school, but he knew how to make the best of a person's physical powers. He developed my abilities slowly but surely, and he made me what I am to-day, not a fast swimmer, but one of the best 'stayers' in this country."

"When did you come to London?"

"When I was seventeen. I joined Fred and Lizzie Beckwith at the Aquarium, remaining with them for two years and a half. Leaving the Beckwiths, I went on a tour through the provinces for three months and on the Continent for nine months. In Spain and Portugal I had a tremendous reception. The people flocked in crowds to see me perform. I was, probably, the first lady professional swimmer they had seen. Returning from the Continent, I booked an engagement with Sanger's, at the old Astley's Theatre, as—what do you think?"

"As a bare-back rider," I hazarded.

"Ah, you are thinking of my performance at Coventry. No; snake-charming."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes; quite right. I charmed snakes there for about two months, and a very dreadful business it was. Ugh! fancy having a python for a necklace and a viper for a bracelet!"

"Did the serpents ever retaliate and try to charm you?"

"Well, they say there is a good deal of fascination in a snake's eye; but I never felt it. I gave up snake-charming, because one night I had a rather dangerous experience. I went to Coventry, as you know, in 1892, and did the bare-back trick you were thinking of just now. I rode through the streets on horseback, just like the original lady is said to have done. In the evening I appeared at the Empire Music-Hall there, and performed with the snakes. One of the brutes, a big Indian python—a very poisonous snake—bit me on the back of the hand. My arm swelled with frightful rapidity, and but for the skillful attention of physicians that night I should probably have succumbed. My benefit was arranged for the next evening, and I could not possibly miss that. I appeared with a bandaged hand, and managed with great difficulty to get through the performance."

"You naturally spend a good deal of your life in the water. How does it affect you?"

"Very little. I keep in splendid health, but, of course, I take the greatest care of myself. The only thing I suffer from is neuralgia, which is undoubtedly caused by my constant baths. Swimming is all right in summer, but it is not particularly pleasant in winter. It is not the swimming that affects you; it is the standing about in the tank while the others perform. We positively have to cower in the water for warmth, the water being warmer than the outside air. In summer I nearly live in the water. I am swimming instructress at the Chelsea Baths, and am, therefore, obliged to be in the bath most of the day."

A big-voiced man announces a "Grand Swimming Entertainment," and Miss Sinclair hurriedly says, "Pray excuse me; I must get ready for the performance."

A few minutes later, and she is standing on the diving-board—a fitting picture for a sculptor. Her limbs are sheathed in a close-fitting satin costume, and a smile is on her handsome face. There is a swish into the water, a momentary disappearance, and then "Lady Godiva" begins to disport like a siren at play.

H. A.

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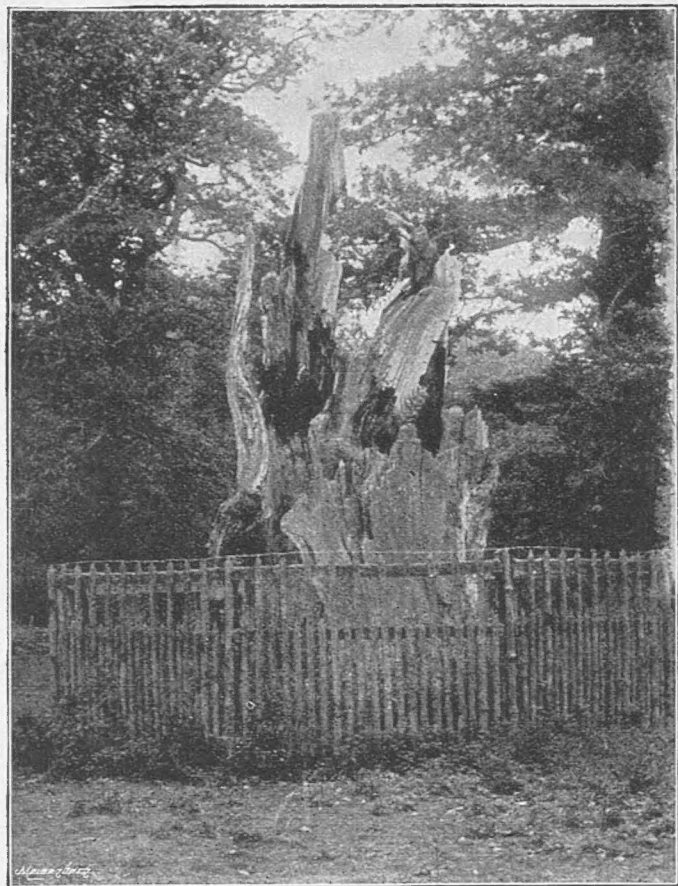
SAVERNAKE AND THE LATE MARQUIS  
OF AILESBUURY.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

OLD OAK AT SAVERNAKE.

The death, last week, of the unfortunate Marquis of Ailesbury has drawn attention once more to the beautiful family seat of Savernake, which has been of recent years the cause of not a little litigation. It was, perhaps, part of the irony of fate and another sign of how the "old order changeth" that Lord Iveagh should have wished to purchase the splendid park near Marlborough, in Wiltshire. Many legal difficulties, primarily caused by the reckless extravagance of the young marquis, ultimately exhausted the patience of Lord Iveagh, and Savernake remains in the family. The motto of the Ailesbury house is pathetically appropriate to the career of the young man who has just passed away at his agent's home in Brixton. It is the single word "*Fumus*." The marquise only dates back seventy-three years; yet in that time there have been four holders of the honour; the late Marquis of Ailesbury was thirty years of age, and succeeded his grandfather eight years ago. His wild exploits have been in the mouths of men for many a day, and it is sad to look back on what can only truthfully be described as a wasted life. Bereft of his parents at an early age, he was never protected from the crowd of companions who found in him a ready victim and who have to bear the responsibility of many of his most foolish deeds. One point to his credit is the fact that he never took his seat in the House of Lords, where he was entitled to sit as an hereditary legislator. His connection with the Turf was ended abruptly and discredibly not long ago with the edict of the Jockey Club. It is pleasant to turn from the consideration of such a spoiled life to the lovely seat which is linked with the title borne by Lord Ailesbury. The trees of Savernake are especially fine, many of them being of great age; the place came in the family through the marriage of Thomas, the third Earl of Elgin and second Earl of Ailesbury, with Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of Henry, Lord Beauchamp, son of William, Marquis of Hertford, afterwards second Duke of Somerset. The death of the lady's brother, the third Duke of Somerset, in 1671, brought Tottenham Park and Savernake Forest into the family, and it is much to be hoped that the new Marquis, Lord Henry Brudenell Bruce, will be able to retain this historic seat; already it is notified that his Lordship intends to improve the condition of the many dwellers on the estate.



THE "BEECH" AVENUE AT SAVERNAKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.



## NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

I remember Mr. Milward, who was the host of Gounod in England, telling me of a proposition made by the great "Bethlehem." French composer. Gounod was lying in the sunshine on the grass, and he dreamily suggested an effect which might be made in his oratorio by the use of a trap-door through which angels came and went. It took a good deal of argument on Mr. Milward's part to dissuade Gounod from a method which would undoubtedly have only met with ridicule in England. This incident came forcibly to my mind when listening to the first performance of "Bethlehem," at the Albert Hall, last Thursday night. There was more than one suggestion of a trap-door in it. Dr. Mackenzie describes this work, which was primarily intended for the Chicago Exhibition, as a "mystery drama." The form in which it is written is to a certain extent novel, the two acts being each complete in itself and adapted for separate performance; in fact, the second part only is to be given at the Hereford Festival. Personally, I think Dr. Mackenzie often loses the effects which his best writing might produce by overloading the music with interpreters; again and again the soloists had to exert their voices against the thousand-throated power of the choir. The soprano solos are the most effective, very little scope being given for the contralto or baritone. In a new work one usually finds some part which always makes an immediate effect, and which can always be relied on as a popular attraction. For instance, "Oh, gladsome light" and "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," never fail to be appreciated in works which are not exactly filled with popular beauties. In "Bethlehem" the "Virgin's Lullaby," at the commencement of the second act, will, I think, prove the favourite; it is very smoothly written, and was sung exquisitely by Miss Ella Russell, who, indeed, did everything that brilliancy of voice could do in the soprano solos. The first triumph of the choir was produced with the chorus, "Oh, brothers, quick arise!" Dr. Mackenzie has treated this part of the theme with great success, which is hardly sustained in some of the later choruses. The solemnity of "Glory to God," the opening of which had gained effect by a few harp notes, was spoiled by the needless and jarring peal of bells. These bells are heard too often, their repetition being redundant and almost laughter-provoking at times. One of the happiest instances of Dr. Mackenzie's treatment is in the "Chorus of the Shepherds," commencing "Enough, enough," where the string accompaniment is most striking. The bass voices came out splendidly in the carol following this, and the first act ended quite dramatically. The second part opens with distant music, emphasised with trumpet-calls, but the chorus is, in my judgment, marred by the clash of brass prior to the phrase "But One is there of loftier crest." I must confess that the second part hardly maintains one's interest. And Dr. Mackenzie will be wise if he can curtail some of the mystery. The work as a whole can hardly be termed great, though much of it is musical and good. Nor is the libretto particularly happy; it is written in a florid style unsuited to the subject, and it would have been better to have adhered more faithfully to the warrant of Scripture. Dr. Mackenzie is to be congratulated on the splendid way in which the choir and orchestra did their part. Mr. Barton McGuckin, who filled Mr. Lloyd's place at only a day's notice, deserves a compliment for his excellent singing under the circumstances. Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. David Bispham, and Mr. Arthur Barlow all fulfilled their duties admirably. Without increasing his reputation in a field where he is not particularly at home, Dr. Mackenzie has sustained it.

Mdlle. M. Mardersteig is our latest claimant for public *A New Vocalist*, favour as a singer. At her *début*, on the 10th, in Princes' Hall, she gave several examples of good German training. Mdlle. Mardersteig has a pleasant voice, with many bright notes in it. She has self-possession and a good style. As she was indisposed on this occasion, further comment would hardly be fair. Miss Emily Shinner gave an exceptionally fine rendering of two movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto. Mr. Hans Dressel gave some 'cello solos with care, if not inspiration. Madame Plowitz sang, and her husband ably presided at the piano throughout. A young man from Barbados, Julian Pascal by name, made his *début* in England as a pianist with a certain measure of success.

Messrs. Boosey were wise in their generation when they gave an "extra" ballad concert last Saturday in the Queen's Hall. There were many in the audience who were glad to have another chance this season of listening to the familiar music which has had the authority of repetition. Chiefest among the pleasures of the afternoon was Mr. Edward Lloyd's singing of "Lend me you aid"; the great tenor had extra applause on his reappearance after the indisposition which prevented his creating the rôle in "Bethlehem." He also gave his favourite song "My Queen." Madame Alice Gomez repeated old successes in her best style; Miss Liza Lehmann revealed another result of her research at the British Museum in her own pretty setting of a ballad by Peck. Miss Clara Butt sang with pathetic effect Sullivan's "Will he come?" and an air from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila." Miss Evangeline Florence met with a very hearty reception after giving Henschel's "Spring." Miss Elieson gave two violin solos. The Meister Glee Singers, as usual, were very popular, and their delicious rendering of the "Sands of the Dee" and other part-songs fully entitled them to praise. Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Jack Robertson all added to the concert's admirable programme with highly-appreciated contributors.

LUTE.

## THE LYCEUM PREMIÈRE.

The effects of Eastertide are scarcely over yet, and, consequently, though the theatre was crowded on Saturday, it was hardly with a typical Lyceum first-night audience. In fact, the greater number of the people really seemed to have come to do honour to Miss Terry and Mr. Irving, rather than to advertise their dressmakers and to get themselves chronicled in newspapers. I noticed Lady Colin Campbell, in cream satin, with emerald green velvet wings in her hair, and still continuing the fashion she set of ungloved hands and splendid rings at the theatre; Sir Baldwin Leighton, Sir Edward Clarke, Lady Mabel Egerton, Lady Hardman, Sir George and Lady Lewis, Sir John Monckton, Alma-Tadema, Onslow Ford, and F. C. Burnand. In the front row of the stalls sat Miss Geneviève Ward in white brocade and ostrich feathers, and a little further back another Ward, Mrs. Humphry, the authoress of "Marcella," the brilliant, lengthy work that all of us are talking about and a few of us have even read. The novelist was dressed in white silk, with olive-grey velvet sleeves, partly veiled by flounces of lace. Her beautiful waved hair à la Madone framed a singularly intellectual and womanly face, in which some trace a resemblance to "George Eliot." Miss Cissy Loftus, whose imitations of Irving I hope soon to see at the Palace Theatre, wore a simple white frock. Pretty Miss Ethel Matthews, still "resting," I believe, looked charming in a dark gown with pale blue sleeves and large velvet revers. Dramatists were represented by Mr. Pinero and his charming wife, and there were also Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Paul Meritt, whose personal likeness to one another was commented on by some idle folk. *A propos* of Pinero and Wilde, on Friday, at the St. James's Theatre, I heard a lady in the stalls, apparently a remnant of the Cattle Show week, rather admire "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as the best thing Oscar Wilde has yet done!

Mr. Irving, no doubt with a kindly desire to give a chance to fellow players who are not "resting" to be "in at the death," allowed the last *entr'acte* to assume endless proportions. Unfortunately, the pit and gallery did not see the point, and after the "Erl King" had been played over to them twice showed lively signs of impatience. However, the long wait gave us the pleasure of seeing the beautiful Miss Julia Neilson, the Marguerite of Mr. H. A. Jones's recent experiment in demonology. Of course, she could not come over from the Haymarket as an Amazon queen, so she had made a hurried change into a simple gown, half covered by a grey mantle, and carried a posy of lovely roses, doubtless intended for her sister-in-law.

BINOCLE.

## THE WRECK ON FILEY BRIGG.

The disaster which overtook the Grimsby trawler *Chilian* on Filey Brigg during a fog early on Sunday morning, the 8th inst., is the most serious that has been sustained this year by the fishing fleet. The *Chilian* was launched only a few weeks ago, and she was returning from a very successful fishing expedition off Iceland. Shortly after three o'clock in the morning the captain cast the lead in twenty-six fathoms of water. A dense fog prevailed at the time, and in ten minutes the vessel struck

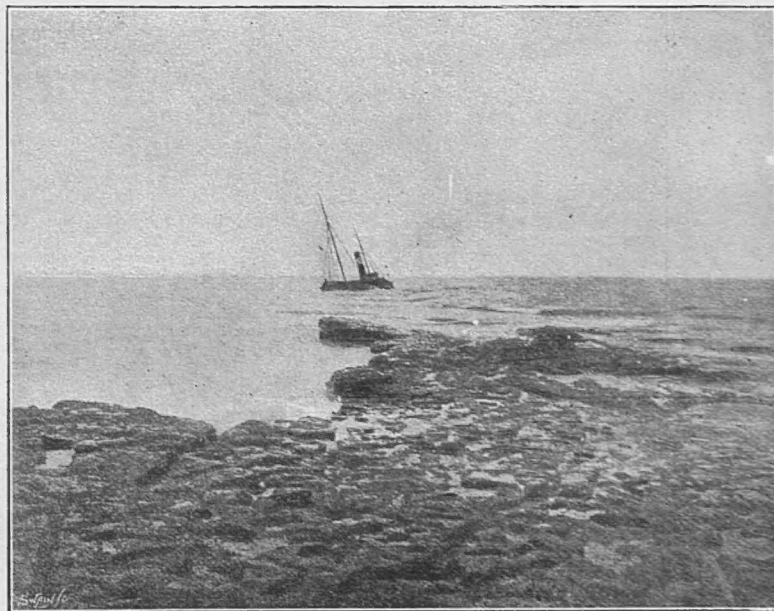
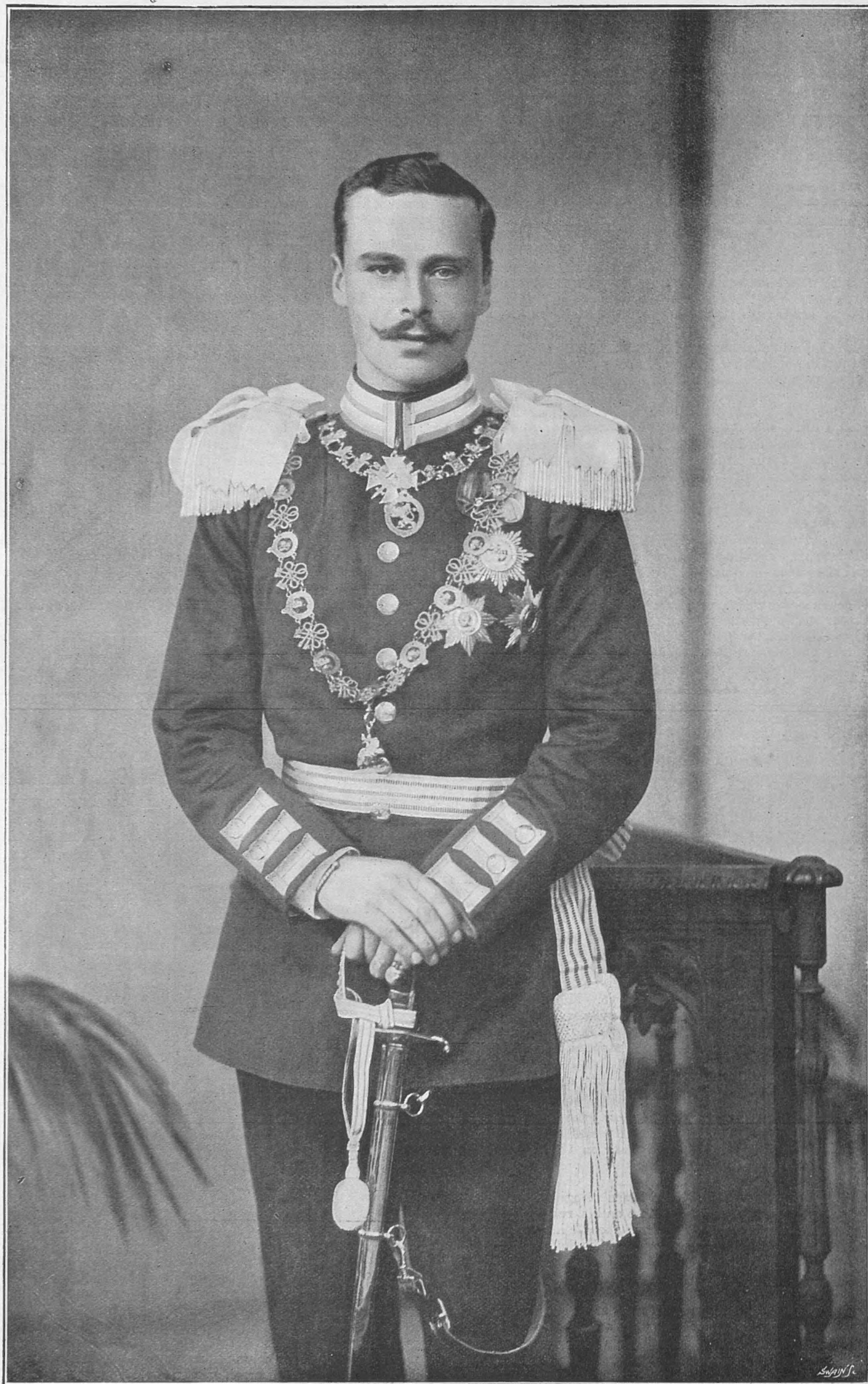


Photo by W. D. Brigham, Scarborough.

## THE WRECK ON FILEY BRIGG.

on the fatally famous Brigg. He immediately ordered the engines full speed astern, but found that the vessel would not come off. However, he stuck to the bridge as long as he could, and blew the whistle—one long blast—until he had to make an effort to save himself. He jumped down and seized a life-saving jacket, and persuaded the rest of the crew, ten in number, to follow his example and take to the rigging. They could do nothing more, as there was too much sea running. Four hours later another trawler came in sight, and was able to save five of the unfortunate men; the other six were all dead, some of them having been fearfully crushed.





H.R.H. PRINCE ERNEST LOUIS, GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.





H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HEATH, PLYMOUTH.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The serious dramatic critic at the Gaiety is like the hero of Mr. Gus Elen's popular song, "'E dunno where 'e are," when remarks that seem as void of humour as Hamilton's treatise on the "Differentiation of the Predicate" are greeted with roars of laughter, when simple language is used in subtle perverted senses and understood. He is accustomed to see many ladies in the stalls, and some of him is a good hand at flirting; but on the first night of the second edition of "Don Juan" members of the novel-writing sex were almost as rare as in the *stalles d'orchestre* of the Comédie Française. "It is as hard to guess why the women keep away as to guess why the men come," whispered a guileless cynic to me, yet he laughed very heartily over the new *tableaux vivants*.

They are very funny: what else could be the case when Mr. Arthur Roberts, most fertile of low comedians, and Mr. Edmund Payne took them in hand? Can you imagine a "living picture" in which Mr. Roberts, dressed as Pharaoh's daughter, is peeping through the bulrushes at the infant Moses, represented by Mr. Edmund Payne, and not laugh at your thoughts? What about the popular "Pierrette's Dressing-room," with Pedrillo Roberts as the lady? "Faust and Marguerite," of course, had as music the "Marguerite" song that Miss Letty Lind sings delightfully,

As a little boy, I remember seeing Maccabe, then one of the most popular English entertainers, present a melodrama in which he played all the parts, sometimes being dressed on one side as the village maiden and on the other as the villain. It made a deep impression upon me. I wonder where Maccabe is now? Consequently, when I heard that Mdlle. Jane May, the pretty Parisian actress, was to be both Monsieur and Madame Pierrot in her *monomime* at the Tivoli, I was curious to see how it would be done. However, no Maccabe trick was attempted. She came on only one at a time, changing her costume with startling swiftness behind the scenes. The entertainment gives a twofold pleasure: one is in her dainty acting of the charming little drama of suspicion and reconciliation; the other is watching the effect of it on an audience that had just been enthusiastic over the simple—perhaps I may say crude—humours of some popular music-hall stars.

No doubt, the house did not set due value on Mdlle. May's work, and was even puzzled by some of her gestures; but, on the whole, it seemed well pleased, particularly in the scene where Madame Pierrot writes a letter on an unsteady table; the same business was always warmly received when she did it in "L'Enfant Prodigue." Nevertheless, while to me the pretty pantomime was the more charming, the audience found the laughing song, "Ne me chatouillez pas," which I think Judie used to sing, the more attractive. To appreciate Mdlle. May's



Ismene (Miss Raffles-Brooke). Theseus (Mr. H. Clegg). Antigone (Miss Meldrum). Œdipus (Mr. Arthur Adams).

## PERFORMANCE OF THE "ŒDIPUS AT KOLONOS" AT MANCHESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PARIS PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, MANCHESTER.

and it had Mr. Roberts as the pig-tailed, pensive maiden. Miss Florence St. John, once the Marguerite of the Gaiety, laughed at the picture almost to congestion point. The gentleman from *Punch* who sent the testimonial, "I used your soap two years ago, and have used no other since," made a decided hit.

No doubt, in some respects the second edition is weaker than the first. Miss Sylvia Grey has gone, Miss Grey, concerning whose rivalry with Miss Letty Lind the Gaiety "boys" are reported to have fought fierce but bloodless battles. I fancy that all *The Sketch* men, down to the office-boy, are on the Lind side. Miss Grey is a serious loss. So, too, is Miss Cissy Loftus, who, both as herself and as other people, is delightful. On the other hand, Miss Katie Seymour has rather more to do, though not half enough. Her dancing is unique: others may seek languorous grace and "try to put their backs into it," she has taken the step-dancing of the people, refined, polished it, worked up its technique to a very high pitch, and thrown in a few steps of ballet and skirt dancing to give variety, and the result is a dainty *schërzo*, in which her pretty little feet play about with astounding speed, accuracy, and grace. Of far higher value is this than the elaborate *adagios* attempted by most of our skirt dancers, few of whom have half enough training for success.

Among the new songs is "Cock-a-doodle-do," in which Mr. Roberts discusses men, matters, and horses to a catching tune. Also, one may name a burlesque of the old ballad, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," that told of the dangers which beset unwary youth and gave good advice founded on Mr. Robert's proposition, "I've played that game myself." Other fresh musical matter there is, full of the easy grace that comes to Herr Meyer Lutz, and the comic business has been well worked up.

burlesque on Sarah Bernhardt required an acquaintance with the great French actress that was lacked by many of the people. Consequently, the applause, though keen, was not universal. Yet one felt that music-halldom has made another step in the right direction.

Mdlle. Jane's imitation of Bernhardt is wonderful. The piquant, pretty little woman actually seems to look in the face like the divine Sarah, and mimics her gestures perfectly. And the golden voice was there—blindfolded, one would have sworn to the original. I believe that Mdlle. May could give us "Les Deux Pigeons" as beautifully even as the modern Adrienne that we love so well. Not only *la voix d'or*, but also the vile, hard voice of hate and horror that the *tragédienne* sometimes uses, was perfectly imitated.

These are the days of dramatic experiments, and the Metropolis by no means monopolises them. One of the most interesting of these departures from the beaten tracks of the theatrical world was the performance of Sophocles' "Œdipus at Kolonos" at Manchester on the 6th and 7th inst. Two years ago the "Antigone" was given in Manchester, and with such success that the "Œdipus" was mounted, a new English stage version, adapted to the choric and incidental music of Mendelssohn, being prepared by Mr. Arthur Adams, who sustained the title-part. Mr. Adams has attempted to "imitate the poetic form of the Greek, so far as the very different prosody of our language allows, and so far as such imitation is possible under the somewhat trammelling restrictions imposed by Mendelssohn's music." There was no attempt to follow the conditions of the Greek stage. Antigone and Ismene were represented by Miss Meldrum and Miss Raffles-Brooke. MONOCLE.



"ONCE UPON A TIME," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

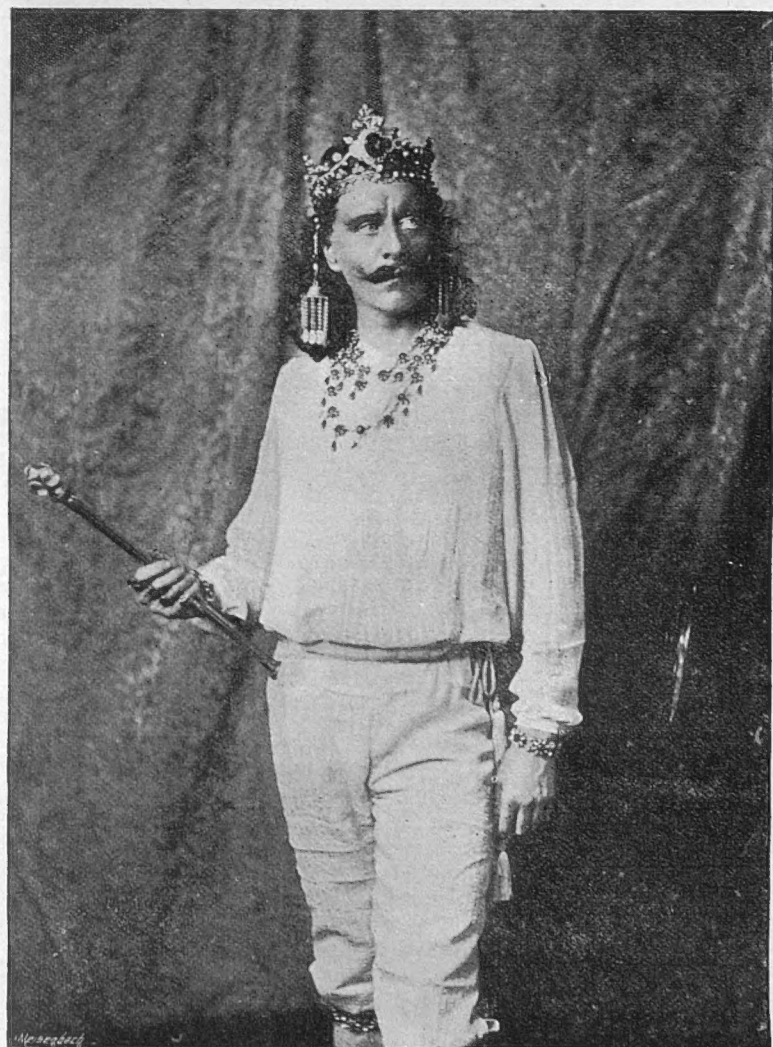
*From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.*



MR. TREE AS THE KING.



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AS THE BASKET-MAKER.



MR. TREE AS THE KING.



MR. LUIGI LABLACHE AS THE PRIME MINISTER.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected back to Windsor Castle on Wednesday next, and will remain at Windsor until the last week in May, when the Court removes to Balmoral. The arrangements for the royal wedding have given an immense amount of trouble, but everything has at last, it is hoped, been satisfactorily settled. German etiquette is, however, such a "fearful and wonderful" thing that it is more than likely some of the Serene Transparencies present will yet find cause for complaint.

It is almost definitely settled that the first State Ball is to take place in the second week in May, and the first State Concert the following week. The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg will come up to Buckingham Palace for both these functions, and will remain in London on each occasion for a couple of nights. Princess Beatrice intends to frequently visit London during the residence of the Court at Windsor, and it is hoped that the Queen may be induced to spend a week at Buckingham Palace before leaving for the north. Her Majesty has greatly benefited by her stay at Florence, and, although she has suffered slightly from headache, is now in excellent health and spirits.

The Queen has been urged to give a garden party at Buckingham Palace this season, and it is just possible that she may ultimately consent to do so. Nothing will, however, be decided until the return of the Court to Windsor.

The Czarewitch will represent the Russian Court at the royal wedding, and it is confidently hoped that he will soon *se ranger*. The Emperor of Russia has been very anxious for some time that his eldest son should marry, but hitherto the Czarewitch has absolutely declined to permanently tie himself up. The young man has caused the Czar a great deal of anxiety, and it would be a matter of congratulation to the whole Imperial family if he could be induced to amend his ways.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, who has been residing at Biarritz during the winter, will leave that place early in May for Kissingen, where she will stay for several weeks, and will afterwards go to visit her relations at Altenburg.

The story of "The Fiend at Fault," the new operetta at the Vaudeville, is not unlike a certain old English legend. In a little village in Yorkshire they tell how a maiden there, some centuries ago, was wooed by the Fiend in person, how awkwardly that maiden was situated as a result of this devilish wooing, and how the priest was called in, with bell, book, and candle, to effect her deliverance. The ecclesiastic entreated his Satanic Majesty to grant his victim a year's respite. "Not a day," replied the Evil One; "but I will wait till your candle is burnt out." "Then wait to all eternity," exclaimed the astute churchman, and he blew out the candle, signing the cross above it as he spoke. Tradition says that the lovely maiden lived to be a particularly repulsive old woman, and an air of probability was given to the legend in more recent times by the discovery, when the village church was restored, of a wooden box, buried deep in the aisle, which contained a half-burnt rushlight.

The burning of the best known hotel at Constantinople will not affect many tourists, as it had for some time been superseded by hosteleries more up to date; but it will disturb the old-fashioned traveller, who had become accustomed to Missiri's forty or fifty years ago, and had continued to alight there in spite of its lost vogue. Happily, there were not many people staying there at the time of the catastrophe; but those who were had a very unpleasant time of it, turning out between two or three in the morning, and scurrying off into the street with what treasures they could gather together. Mr. Davey, the chief sufferer, is a super-numerary correspondent to the *Times* there, and, being an exceptionally hard sleeper, he was only roused by the time that everybody else had succeeded in rescuing his property. His chief loss, if not the world's, was the manuscript and type-written proof of a work on the French Revolution, on which he had been engaged for several years. His special bad luck is evidenced by the fact that he had only recently migrated to the Hôtel d'Angleterre from the Hôtel Bristol, which belongs to the same proprietor. Fires are painfully frequent at Constantinople, especially among the older houses, which are for the most part built of wood.

Passing through Paris on my way to Montreux, I stayed on Saturday week at an outlying hotel near the Gare de Lyon, whence an early start was to be made next morning. The house is one which naturally receives all sorts, and has a reputation for its cooking besides. Four shaggy-looking men occupied a table near us at dinner, and seemed much exercised over a bag of gold coins which one had emptied on his plate, and which the others closely examined. They moved off presently, and shortly afterwards I found that one of their pieces had apparently fallen, and rolled under my chair, unheard in the surrounding din of dishes and chatter. I picked it up, intending to restore it to the landlord, when, attracted by something unusual in its appearance, I looked again at the supposed louis, and found it to be one of those coins which the Anarchists are now distributing secretly through Paris. "Vive l'Anarchie" and the legend "À bas la patrie" were stamped in the centre, and round the coin were engraved, evidently by hand, the words, "Droit, Justice, Vérité, Raison." I must confess to feeling

what old ladies with a taste for spirituous refreshers call "a turn." Suppose these shock-headed gentry had playfully deposited a few bombs about the house, it was clear that I should not be in a condition to "move on" the next day. Meanwhile, discretion being the better part, I pocketed the Anarchist coin, and, satisfying myself that my bugbears had departed to more central points of their nefarious industry, slept the sleep of the peaceful. Paris I found practically deserted by tourists and visitors. No one knows what may happen next, so the hotel-keepers are left lonely, and pleasure-seekers buy their pleasures and their millinery elsewhere.

Perhaps the modern bookman is hardly so artistically attired as the gentleman depicted by clever Mr. Hugh Thompson as eating his frugal meal under the approving, though stony, smile of Shakspeare. The occasion for which this delightful *menu* was prepared was the Booksellers' Trade Dinner, which took place last Saturday. The chairman was the Lord Mayor of London, who in his non-official capacity has much to do with the making of books. Occupying the vice-chair was Mr. Arthur



MENU OF THE BOOKSELLERS' TRADE DINNER.

Blackett, to whom writers of fiction always look hopefully. Few there were of the company who had not "eaten paper, as it were," or tasted "the dainties that are bred in a book." Mr. Thomson's design for the *menu* was etched by Mr. G. W. Rhead, and my readers can judge of this happy combination of talent from the reproduction given herewith.

The abnormal mildness of winter and early spring has had the effect of setting free a number of unruly icebergs, which, instead of being safely tied up in their northern latitudes by the common cause of cold and ice, are reported to be swaggering about the Southern Atlantic in a most irrelevant and preposterously alarming manner. A 2000-ton four-master, just arrived at Queenstown from San Francisco, has met with adventures resulting from a too intimate acquaintanceship with these frozen horrors, beside which Jules Verne's most audacious stories might climb down. About the latter part of January, in latitude 54 south, the crew of the Fulwood, a Liverpool vessel, saw the sun rise one morning to find that they had sailed in the night into a veritable world of slowly moving ice, from which no escape seemed possible. All around them circled lofty and far-reaching bergs, some quite five or six miles in length, and towering up to six and seven hundred feet. The men began to give themselves over to despair, and for four or five days the Fulwood dodged in and out between these cumbrous moving masses to touch one of which meant possible instant destruction. One morning the chief mate counted 415 bergs from the mizen-mast. They were travelling south, and by steering a north-east course the good ship fortunately made an outlet, but not before she had squeaked once or twice, the backwash from one berg, which had got to too close quarters, having actually flooded the ship's decks. So the warm weather has done something more than bring wasps and cummerbunds into fashion.





MRS. MURRAY COOKESLEY'S TABLEAUX AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: "THE VESTAL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND A. FRY, BRIGHTON.

Living pictures are certainly the order of the hour. The Crystal Palace has started an effective series, which is attracting large audiences. They have been arranged by Mrs. Murray Cookesley, and include, among others, "The Vestal," "The Guardian Angel," "A Flight to Heaven," and, finally, "Andromeda," which last is so arranged as to soothe the feelings of the local monster whose name is Propriety. I am afraid that that monster will always keep a chilling restraint on productions at Sydenham, until some local Perseus comes to the rescue. The pictures are presented each evening at six o'clock, and form part of a small variety entertainment much in request among the numerous juveniles living round the Palace. I wonder what form the next craze will take. Speaking to a well-known hostess the other day, I found out

that she was arranging some living pictures for one of her popular "At Homes." I do not think that the idea will spread, on account of the huge expense they entail; yet when people are enthusiastic they will do strange things. I will gladly welcome living pictures in private houses as an improvement on the dreadful amateur skirt dancing which has for the past two or three years been so prevalent. Talking of skirt dancing reminds me of an evening when I went to a reception accompanied by an excitable Frenchman. We arrived just in time to see a lady who had been performing collapse under her accordion-pleats à la Letty Lind. "Ah! look there! she is ill," cried my friend, and he rushed forward to her assistance. The poor man didn't know, you know; he hadn't been in London long.



The fascinating and irrepressible Mrs. Gordon Baillic is once more "looming" large before the public, and I think that those of my readers who have not had the advantage of seeing that curiously interesting lady in the dock, airily twirling her long gold chain round her shapely fingers, have again had an opportunity of studying her. A glance at her handsome and expressive features, and, calligraphic experts might add, at her bold autograph, is sufficient to convince the most superficial observer that she is no ordinary woman, and, in truth, if ever her story comes to be written, it will certainly rank among the most remarkable romances of real life which even this century of surprises has produced.

The American interviewer generally dies hard, but Dumas is reported to have entirely deprived one of speech in a recent interview at which he made an unwilling and irritated second. "Your father, then, M. Dumas," insinuated the man of brass, "was a quadroon?" "Yes." "And your grandfather—pardon me—a negro?" "Yes." "Your great-grandfather, then, was—" "A monkey, Sir," cried Dumas, roused past endurance. "My pedigree begins where yours ends. Good day!"

"The knowledge of what to leave in the inkpot" was happily described as the art of a biographer; perhaps, in the same sense, the art of a successful caricaturist is the knowledge of what feature or characteristic may safely be overlooked. Mr. Harry Furniss has long studied Mr. Gladstone, whose resignation of the Premiership took place almost simultaneously with that of Mr. Furniss from *Punch*. He has told us of the hours he has sat, metaphorically, under the shadow of those collars which owe their fame, and almost their existence, to Mr. Furniss. He put on record the "pomatum-pot," the first appearance of which was so amusingly narrated by "Toby, M.P.," better known as Mr. H. W. Lucy. With his latest book before me, I can only say that Mr. Furniss, in "The Grand Old Mystery Unravelled" (Simpkin, Marshall), seems to have erred on the side of exaggeration. The subtleties of expression with which Mr. Furniss has aforetime delighted his public are in these drawings not as evident as elsewhere. The frontispiece of the Cabinet Council, Mr. Gladstone as "Paul Pry," and the picture entitled "Laughing at Labby," in my opinion, go as near to distinct failure as



any of the work signed by "Lika Joko." The illustration which I borrow shows the ex-Premier in the very act of lubricating his vocal machinery, and is drawn with the skill and cleverness which one associates with Mr. Harry Furniss at his best.

We have heard a great deal of the combination known as the "Church and Stage Guild"; I wonder whether the future has in store for us a "Chapel and Ballet Guild." The idea is suggested by the very handsome programme of a bazaar which is about to be held at Park Chapel, Crouch End. It would appear that the chapel numbers among the members of its very distinguished congregation Mr. Arthur Reed Ropes, whose identity with "Adrian Ross" of our burlesque stage has already been disclosed in these columns. To this bazaar, on behalf of the enlargement of Park Chapel, to which, of course, I wish every possible success, Mr. Ropes has contributed a poem—or is it a hymn?—which runs as follows—

A little flock, a little fold,  
Were ours of old,  
When at the first our church began  
To do the work of God and man.  
But numbers swelled; the border wall  
Was all too small;  
And thrice the sacred circuit grew—  
Yet now we spread our bounds anew.  
Nor this alone; in coming days  
A fuller praise  
Shall fill the house and fire the throng,  
As the sweet organ speaks in song.  
It is our high prerogative  
For this to give,  
A little of our wealth to spare  
For our own home and house of prayer.  
Then be the day of gift to all  
A festival;  
No deed of good can lose its worth  
For helping of a harmless mirth.  
Our fathers built this house before,  
From scantier store;  
Now let us play our fathers' part  
With open hand and cheerful heart.

This is all very well, and, no doubt, it is excellent poetry; but I rather think that the Park Chapel authorities might have worked Mr. Ropes with greater commercial success for their bazaar had they persuaded him to bring his friend Miss Letty Lind to one of the numerous entertainments which I see advertised in the programme. I am quite sure if the charming Letty were to sing and dance to these other verses of Mr. Ropes's, which are making such havoc with all hearts at the Trafalgar Theatre, the financial condition of Park Chapel for many years to come would be quite above suspicion—

DI. I'm a *prima ballerina assoluta*—  
CHORUS. *Assoluta!*  
DI. I am famous from St. Petersburg to Utah,  
As the dearest little dancer of to-day!  
When I figure in a ballet operatic—  
CHORUS. *Operatic!*  
DI. All the gentlemen are ardent and ecstatic,  
And this is what I often hear them say—  
"Fie, Di! try, Di, not to be so shy, Di!  
My Di, why, Di, will you not reply, Di?  
Charming little dancer, only give an answer,  
If you do not love me, I shall die, die, die!"  
CHORUS. Fie, Di! try, Di, &c.  
DI. I'm the pet of all the noble upper classes—  
CHORUS. *Upper classes!*  
DI. But I'm just as dear to what they call the masses,  
Who are seated in the gallery and pit!  
For they greet me with applause enthusiastic—  
CHORUS. *—thusiastic!*  
DI. When my poses are particularly plastic,  
They address me with a captivating wit—  
"Hi, Di! why, Di! you're a little *lidy*!  
Sy, Di! my Di! ain't you kicking high, Di!  
See her give a twirl, boys—  
That's the sort of girl, boys—  
She can knock 'em any time, can Di, Di, Di!"  
CHORUS. Hi, Di! why, Di! &c.

We have all heard of that famous pair, Emerson and Margaret Fuller, visiting the Opera House to see Taglioni dance. "Margaret, this is poetry!" cried Emerson, with delight. "No, Ralph, it is religion," she replied, and possibly some enthusiastic members of the Park Chapel congregation might discover some measure of religion in Miss Letty Lind's agility. Anyway, they have reason to be proud of Mr. Ropes's versatility.

I commend to the notice of the proprietors and managers of the various insanitary and typhoid-causing theatres in the provinces—perhaps I ought, in these days of County Councils and Actors' Associations, to draw the line at London—the admirable arrangements made for the safety and comfort of the people engaged behind the scenes by the manager of a theatre just opened at Boston, Mass. This house contains at least a score of large and properly fitted up dressing-rooms, a well-equipped bath-room, and a smoking-room, all for the exclusive use of the performers. These things would "come as a boon and a blessing" to the hundreds of touring actors who have now to change in fetid cells that are dignified with the name of dressing-rooms. By-the-way, it has been calculated, and the estimate appears exceedingly moderate, that there are now 3000 girls employed as ballet-dancers in the United States, and that of these nine out of every ten are Europeans. What a pity that the statistician did not classify the results of his investigations a little more precisely, and tell us how many of the 2700 are British born, how many French, and so on.



Towards the end of this month the many admirers of Mr. Swinburne's muse should be very happy, for Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish "Asphodel and other Poems," the latest effort of the bard of Twickenham. Presuming that this book will contain his contribution to various reviews during the past three years, we may look for some work which has already attracted much attention. There will be "The Swimmer," which appeared in the *New Review*, the threnody on Tennyson, and that great indictment of the Czar of All the Russias, which caused such a flutter in the political dovecote. The question was asked in Parliament if such an insult to a friendly monarch ought to be passed over, and the gentleman who should have answered it pleaded



Photo by W. and A. Fry, Brighton.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE TABLEAUX: "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."

ignorance of Swinburne and all his work. After the first sense of contempt that one feels for a man who, while making laws for his country, is ignorant of the national literature, there comes a feeling of envy. Imagine the delight of still having "Poems and Ballads," "Songs Before Sunrise," and "Atalanta in Calydon" to read. What a pleasure to find them quite fresh and to devour them with the combination of wonder and rapture that probably attended our first experience!

The precautions which the French authorities are taking to spot all sorts and conditions of Anarchists are laudable in the extreme, and it was too bad of a friend of mine to do as he did recently. He was going to Paris, and determined to have some fun out of the Custom-house authorities. Nature has made him black-bearded and burly, and he can at times assume an expression which suggests murder and conspiracy at the very least; so he donned a soft felt hat, put a magazine in his breast pocket, and departed from England, home, and beauty. On reaching Calais he saw that he was the centre of an admiring crowd, and accordingly put on a scowl and a very restless expression. He was at once a marked man. Two detectives "shadowed" him, and when his luggage had to be looked at the officials went through everything with most scrupulous care. There was nothing to give them the slightest ground for suspicion; but as he turned away one of them clapped him on the shoulder and demanded sight of the packet bulging from his coat pocket. At that moment several other men in authority gathered round, expecting nothing less than a massacre. Their should-be victim feigned hesitation, and then, seeing that he would be assaulted in another moment, drew the book from his pocket. It was a copy of the current number of the *Art Journal*. "Monsieur is interested in art," he said gently, and the detective gentleman wore the French for a worried look.

Yet, it is certainly wrong to hamper the doings of authority in such a manner, but the temptation to get a "rise" out of officialdom of any sort is too tempting to be missed. I was guilty myself of a mild joke of that sort a week or so ago. I was travelling to the coast on one of the horrible railway lines that thread Kent and Sussex, and, as the oof-bird was moulting, I purchased a third-class ticket at the booking office. On reaching the train, and seeing the sort of carriages provided for third-class passengers, I decided I must give them up as a bad job. Accordingly, I called an official, parted with what was almost the last piece of family plate, and exceded my ticket. We had a fair run for one of that company's trains, but were, of course, some minutes late. On reaching the station before the terminus, I heard them calling for tickets, and, thinking of the way they had treated me, determined to be revenged. As luck would have it, the carriage I was in, was the last one reached in the ticket hunt, and I gave up my third-class ticket with feigned reluctance. The official took it, and just then the whistle sounded. He immediately signalled to them not to go on, and shouted for the guard in charge. That functionary, after repeated calls, came running from the top of the train. "Were you mixed?" said the collector. "No," said the guard. "Then, this 'ere won't do," said the man to me; "it's a third-class ticket." "But I paid the difference," I said indignantly. "Look 'ere, Sir, I must ask you for your name and address," said the official, pompously producing a book. "If you paid, they'd have given you an excess ticket." "Ah!" I said, "now you come to mention it, they did." And I produced it. The rest of the incident is unfit for publication.

There are more people than policemen whose fate "is not a happy one." Some of those who should, I imagine, be among the most happy are no better off than the rest of us. Readers of *The Sketch* will not need to be reminded of Miss Alice Gilbert, whose portraits adorned these pages when "Little Christopher Columbus" was first produced. She was very successful in the piece, and her charming tarantella was one of the features of the last act. During rehearsal she caught a chill, a *matinée* at Brighton during bad weather made it worse, and, finally, she strained herself doing that ridiculous "Catherine-wheel" at the end of the *pas de quatre*. The result was that she was taken ill suddenly one night, and had to leave the theatre. All through the winter she has been bed-ridden, and will not be able to return to the stage before



Photo by W. and A. Fry, Brighton.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE TABLEAUX: "THE VESTAL" (SECOND POSE).

the end of the present year. To leave the theatre when one is enjoying legitimate success and to leave its activity and bustle for the dreary monotony of the sick-room is a very painful change, and I am sure all those who have derived pleasure from her performance will join with me in wishing the charming dancer a speedy recovery from her tedious illness.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

How completely the fever of public interest in a sensation passes away! It is not so long since everybody was agog to discover "Scott"—since journalists raved and detectives obscurely hinted concerning his identity and whereabouts. His evidence, his dreadful tale, would explain the Ardlamont mystery. Naturally, the public fancy, ever prone to revel in gore and gloom, figured the missing man as the second villain—the low-comedy villain—of the piece. In every self-respecting melodrama there is a second villain—a racing man frequently, who is for some reason in the power of the first or evening-dress and cigarette villain. This second villain invariably betrays his leader, and enables the inevitable detective to handcuff the criminal at the end of the piece with the dexterity that is so seldom attained off the stage. Some such low-comedy criminal the romantic public accounted "Scott" to be, and, therefore, great was the interest taken in his whereabouts. But now that the trial is over, and all matters are left in uncertainty, public interest in the case has lapsed. "Scott" is discovered and produced, and his tale serves, possibly, to stimulate the sale of a paper, and, probably, to advertise the conjurer who has promptly engaged him for an "illusion."

In vain is "Scott" paraded round  
By journalists undaunted;  
When wanted, he could not be found,  
When found, he isn't wanted.

But his narrative, trivial and bald as it otherwise is, shows how extremely easy it must be for a person not widely known to disappear and change his personality in the modern world. It really gives one a desire to go and do likewise. It is so easy not to be found out if one only takes a few precautions and has no striking characteristics. "Scott" shaves his moustache, changes his clothes, and melts out of sight. To be sure, he seems to have doubled back on his track, and occasionally changed in the train, but there is no proof whatever that such elementary precautions were in the least necessary. Really, one wonders that criminals are ever caught. "Scott," according to his tale, though innocent, felt, and probably showed, more agitation than the average guilty man would have betrayed.

Only, criminals are mostly fools. They act with far too little premeditation. They fix their attention on the comparatively trivial point of the crime to be done, the murder or theft, and slur over too much what is to be done afterwards. This may be very well in Renaissance Italy, or the United States, or any country, past or present, in which murder is or has been a venial offence; but in ordered States, with an organised police, the crime is only one link in a chain, every part of which must stand the test and support the engineer.

One wonders what the thief will do who steals—as somebody seems to have done lately—a wallet of bills and banknotes from a bank counter. The numbers of the notes are known, the bills are "not negotiable." Where does the thief pass any of this property? Can he pass any of it? You cannot "melt" a banknote except by changing it. Indeed, a note—at least, one for a large amount—is as dangerous an object to steal as one can well imagine. Novelists, however, do not always think of this. To them a banknote is wealth, and not merely a promise to pay. The villain steals the notes, and riches are his. Notes are burnt, and wealth goes with them. Paper currency performs tricks that can only be done on paper.

Are we not now in danger of taking novelists in general, and especially lady novelists, a great deal too seriously? Mrs. Humphry Ward brings out a new tale, and instantly, with but a day or two to study it (but perhaps they had advanced copies), the reviewers of the daily papers burst out with whole columns of appreciation and extract, as if "Marcella" were a war or a dead man of very great importance. Nay, the author of "Dodo" meets with attention almost as immediate and flattering for his new book. Really, there seems no great reason for all this fuss and flurry. By all means let us have full and complete notices of all books by successful authors; but let us take them quietly. There is no such tearing hurry. Are our reviewers afraid that if they delay one week the works they notice will be already out of date? Or is it simply that they themselves may not be forestalled by rivals? If I were a novelist, I should rather have a critic take some decent interval before he pronounced on my work, and treat me at least with some respect, if with no favour.

MARMITON.

## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"MRS. LESSINGHAM," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

The position of a barrister with a divorce practice is perilous. Despite the rule as to not seeing clients without the intervention of solicitors, when once the affair is launched pretty petitioners and dangerous respondents will force their way into chambers to give further information or explain things. Whether Mrs. Lessingham came to young Walter Forbes—he was but twenty-six years old—as respondent or petitioner, I do not know, and it does not matter. The upshot of her visits was that from being counsel and client they became friends, and after a while developed into lovers.

The lovers fled to Algiers, where, apparently, there is a *demi-monde* society such as Dumas *filis* depicts in his famous play, and the irregular mates of this soiled nest went to picnics and garden parties in the maculate Anglo-French society, till, after five years of it, the simple soul of Forbes sickened at its surroundings. So the barrister broke his silken bonds and fled; yet he broke them so delicately that she thought them merely untied, and understood they were to remain disjoined till the death of her husband or divorce made it possible to retie them and seal them with the holy seal of wedlock. A relative left her money, so she went and lived in decent obscurity at some quiet place.

He plunged into work for distraction, and had good fortune rare at the Bar, since at the end of five years after his return he was a junior in large practice. Work had blurred his recollection of Mrs. Lessingham, had made her image grow so faint that when he saw the beautiful Lady Anne Beaton he fell in love, proposed to her, and was accepted. Of his past he told nothing, almost convinced himself that he had nothing to tell. Courage—candour you may call it—would have proved cheaper than concealment.

On the morn of his thirty-seventh birthday the two women came to see him—Mrs. Lessingham with tidings of her husband's death, Lady Anne to bring some flowers to the man she was to wed in a month. The old love had no misgivings: she came to take her place as a matter of course. What words could paint her feelings when she learnt the truth? Major Hardy, a friend of Forbes, told her; it is a constant office of friendship to convey terrible tidings. The goodness of the woman asserted itself; she accepted her bankruptcy with hardly a murmur. "I will go away; you shall hear of me no more." Only one thing caused her to be indignant—the men's fear that she would be troublesome and make a scandal. She was too faint to leave at once. Anon, Lady Anne found her there, and, taking her to be the laundress, asked where Walter kept his tobacco-jars. "On the bottom shelf of the cupboard," was the reply. Lady Anne then noticed the woman, and saw her error. A minute or two later she was alone with Walter. "Who was that woman?" she asked, and the pitiful truth came out. "What will you do?" said he, in terror, after his confession. "How can I tell?" was the girl's answer. His terror was founded on a timid guess that proved right.

To Lady Anne, a high-spirited girl, aged twenty-seven, after much self-torture, truth became clear. She had usurped Mrs. Lessingham's place, and honesty demanded she should give it up if her rival's title still remained. The title was love. Forbes became wax in the hands of Anne. She went off to the Langham, where the poor creature was, and demanded an interview that at first was refused, but she persisted successfully. A fearful night left the widow with but one thought—she would efface herself, and secure the man's happiness. Between the two a strange scene: the one striving to probe the heart of the other, and finding feminine resistance—evasion, sham laughter, real tears, protestations that it was but a caprice long dead on both sides, insistence that Walter loved his betrothed with all his heart.

Lady Anne was not deceived—her rival was too ill to act well. What moved the girl we shall never know. The cynic will say vanity, a desire not to be outdone in generosity or self-sacrifice by a fallen woman; the charitable will see noble motives. Whatever they were, she bade Forbes marry Mrs. Lessingham, and he obeyed. A mad thing to build a marriage on such a shifting-sand foundation, splendidly mad. The crash came in a year.

The twelve months were misery to Forbes, to Lady Anne, and feverish, restless happiness to the wife. On a chance, being alone with his once betrothed, Forbes opened his heart to her, even proposed an elopement. She resisted, but the wife overheard. What could she—the obstacle—do for the man she loved, for the woman who had befriended her at awful cost? Die—that was all. So she died by her own hand, and, as Hedda Gabler would say, did it beautifully. Did Forbes and Lady Anne marry afterwards? If so, were they happy? History does not tell; no man can guess.

The play is very good, if not great. It reaches a really high level at the beginning, but is hardly maintained there; yet it never sinks below respectable mediocrity, so the average is notable. Of humour there is naught but lame effort, of wit a little, of fine tender strokes of nature much, of passion and pathos a very great deal. In the latter half your interest may grow less tense; you may murmur "Conventional." Nevertheless, on the whole, you will find it a powerful, interesting play, well worth a visit, and promising great things from the pen of Miss Constance Fletcher, alias "George Fleming." To Miss Robins, as Mrs. Lessingham, almost all that I have said of the play will apply. Her extremes of merit may be a little farther apart, the ends moving equally. Miss Kate Rorke is a charming Lady Anne, though a little colourless in the second act. Mr. Forbes-Robertson is delightful, and Mr. Hare's skilful struggle with an unsuitable part is very interesting.—MONOCLE.



BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## LORD AND EARL OF LITTLE EGYPT.\*

When Mr. S. R. Crockett wrote "The Stickit Minister" there were many who helped him to the chief seats of appreciation, and did not hesitate to declare that a new and powerful Scotchman had arisen among us. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote from Samoa in the words, "The whole book breathes admirably of the soil," and of one of the chief persons, 'Cleg Kelly, he said that he had enjoyed his acquaintance particularly. But "The Stickit Minister" is a mere skirmish when laid side by side with "The Raiders," which may be regarded as the author's first attempt to handle the fiction of adventure and of history. Let me concede at once that he has scored an undoubted success, and has written a book alike felicitous in style and pulsating with a very vigorous dramatic core, which will appeal to those who care nothing for Buffon or for his aphorism.

The work and the persons in it are Scotch, of course. The scene is laid in some part upon the Isle of Rathen, but Kircudbright, Wigtown, and Ayr are spoken of, and the hill country upon the borders of these witnesses the more powerful dangers and difficulties of Patrick Heron, the young Laird of Rathen, about whom the story turns. And here Mr. Crockett follows very closely that shape of design which commends itself to so many creators of adventurous story in our day, allowing Patrick to be the narrator, and to assure us in a pleasantly written "foreword" that he, at any rate, came from the emprise with whole bones. "It was," says the Laird, "with May Mischief that all the terrible blast of storm began (as, indeed, most storms among men ever do begin with a bonny lass, like that concerning Helen of Troy, which lasted ten years, and of which men speak to this day). The tale began with May Mischief, as you shall hear. But it is necessary that ere the memory quite die out some one of us who saw the things should write them down."

Such a preface is happily contrived to put us upon good terms with ourselves. Mr. Crockett is no believer in weary dissertations upon family history or in long and rhetorically splendid scenic pictures. From his first page he gives us romance, and romance of a very high order. Patrick Heron is rowing over from Rathen Head to the mainland, when he hears the bridle-reins of the raiders jingling clear. Boyishly, he dreams of the day when he, too, shall be a disciple of the Free Trade among the Manxmen, and shall join the better fellows, who think it no ill to out sail the cutters of King George, but have no part or lot with the Millers, the Macatericks, and the Marshalls from the hills—wild cairds and cattle-reivers, with fine eyes for a maid and no Covenanting scruples about kidnapping her to the uplands. His dreams are interrupted by the sing of a bullet above his head and a tow-row of laughter from the shore, where the raiders are sporting with him for target. Fearing greatly, he gets to the loom of the land, and, coming to the shore, he is dragged from danger by May Mischief of Craigdarroch, a bonny lass, high-kilted and high-spirited, who is own sister to Babbie, and not a very distant connection of Catriona. Hand in hand, with silence on their lips, to the old churchyard of Kirk Oswald go the boy and girl, who have yet to fathom the deeper emotions; and there they watch the camp, and witness its dispersing, when the "loathly dogs," with whom the Black Deil hunts, come baying through the wood, and send the raiders pell-mell across the fields, "crying tempestuously to each other" as they go. But May Mischief and Patrick get them out of the wood again, and in a pretty scene of caprice we learn that the Laird of Rathen has no gumption for the gentle art of making love, and that May of the Mischief is one of those hauntingly wild creatures who have done so much for Scotch fiction during the decade. From this

point the story swings along with giant strides. We are shown the young Laird ruling his little isle with half-a-dozen fine spirits who can lay in comfort upon unmade beds or upon the ground; we are introduced to Silver Sand, the still hunter, who is the mystery of three counties, and the strange friend of Patrick; we greet pleasantly Captain Yawkins, the braw buccancer, who is the terror of Galloway, we meet the seven Maxwells, brother of May Mischief, and Hector Faa, the reigning King of the Egyptians since John Faa, their rightful Earl, disappeared no man knew whither. Anon there comes the time when the Millers, the Macatericks, the Marshalls, and the Faas come down from the hills, Hector Faa having sworn to carry off May Mischief as his bride; and the red cock crows upon Craigdarroch. The seven brothers are away at the Isle of Man getting Valenciennes and brandy, and the old man, Richard, is alone with his daughter to witness the burning of his barns, the lifting of his cattle, and the end of his home. He flies to the Isle of Rathen, and there Silver Sand, showing of a sudden as the strong arm of Patrick Heron, contrives for the defence of the place and for the sustenance of

siege in the great cave. But Yawkins brings the raiders to the island, and blood flows freely. The cave rings with the clash of steel and bonny fighting; there are dead unnumbered, and the sinking of ships' boats, and the sway of victory, which is all admirable. In the end, the maid is missing, and Richard Maxwell lives only to compel his seven sons to take the great oath of vengeance and to equip themselves for the pursuit and the perilous journey. It is easy to apprehend with what vigour such a powerful writer as Mr. Crockett carries on the development of dramatic things like these. Patrick Heron is now awake to love for the girl-child who has mocked at him. The seven brothers hurry for the capture of their cattle; Silver Sand, the pedlar of mystery, accompanies the young Laird, to snatch him from the almost insurmountable dangers of the hill-lands. The first of the new fighting is at the rocky glen of the Black Water, by the deep, dark lane of Grenoch. The brothers come up with their cattle, and after a sharp skirmish they fail to take it, for the raiders heap flame and fire upon the beasts' backs, and the herd stampedes with horrid pain and bellowing, mowing down the little army as wheat before a sickle. Indeed, this picture is masterly in its force and realism, and one of the most original conceptions in a book whose distinguishing feature cannot altogether be set down as originality. It is true that when we come to the Dungeon of Buchan and the Wolf's Slock (where is the stronghold of the Faas) there are other pictures



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

almost as worthy, but none exceeding in power this fine tale of rushing cattle whose bodies are aflame and whose very breath seems to be of fire.

Once in the dangerous country, Patrick Heron's adventures are altogether absorbing. During a blinding snow-storm in the wild uplands he comes to the cottage whereby is the "murder-hole" known to Galloway legend, and well treated in a story in *Blackwood* some years ago. Mr. Crockett unconsciously follows the lines of that story very closely, but his picture is the more dramatic of the two, and his escape from the room and discovery of May Mischief in an attic above him is quite of his best. After this, it need scarcely be said, the story moves to its conclusion, but not until the hero has faced innumerable dangers and the Maxwells have had the most part of their vengeance, through the agency of the indispensable Silver Sand, who proves to be no other than the missing John Faa, the rightful Lord and Earl of the Egyptians under the edict of King James. There is, indeed, fine fighting and much of the picturesque to the very end of this bountiful work, which is fitly numbered among the strong things of the year. It is undoubtedly a book of adventure, betraying not only the pretty writer, but the man of large observation who knows the men of old time and has for them a stout admiration, a book which paints many a human picture and many a caird whom the reader will hate or love as the author meant him to.—M. P.

\* "The Raiders." By S. R. Crockett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



To be a nobleman bearing an ancient title and owning large estates, and yet to have no money, is surely hard lines. Still harder is it to see a way of becoming possessed of a pocketful of money if only a certain trifling obstacle could be removed.

This was the position of the Right Honourable the Earl of Tulzie. His pedigree was old, his estates were wide, barren, and heavily mortgaged, his dependents many, and he was without the proverbial sixpence to jingle on a tombstone.

Part of his Lordship's estate lay near a large manufacturing town, and fronted on the sea. Even in "Caledonia, stern and wild," merchants are ceasing to live above their warehouses, and the land agent in the town had an idea that if this portion of the Tulzie estate could be laid out in building plots it would be a good thing for the Earl, and a still better one for himself.

In these matters there is nothing like going to principals, so much is apt to stick to the greasy fingers of factors. The land agent, Mr. Saunders Farquharson, therefore, put himself into the train and came to London, a city his Lordship affected, as he could live there at less than one quarter of the expense which residence at his seat would have involved.

Mr. Farquharson had another reason: in London the Earl must see him personally, at Tulzie he would have been referred to the factor.

The Earl wished he had been at Tulzie when Mr. Farquharson called, that he might have resorted to the latter expedient. At first he declined to discuss the matter, but when a man is once in your room and determined to talk business it is odd if he does not get his way.

The land agent got his way. He convinced the Earl that the proposal tended to his interest, and made conviction doubly sure by readily allowing that he would be an equal gainer.

"Well," said the Earl, "you had better measure up the land, and announce that it is to be let on lease, without loss of time."

"There must be something done before I can make such an announcement as that."

"Indeed! What is that? I am not in a position to spend much money, Mr. Farquharson."

"It will only be a trifle, my Lord. There will have to be a road or two laid out, and that piece of waste ground between the roadway and the sea must be fenced and laid out as gardens."

"What land are you speaking of?"

"That flat piece known as the old foreshore, my Lord."

"Is that absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely. There must be some attractive feature about the spot to tempt people to take ground."

"If'm," said his Lordship, "I fear that is rather a difficulty, Mr. Farquharson. The fact is I have never been quite clear as to whether I have any title to that ground."

"Of course, your Lordship has a title. All the rest of the land around belongs to you."

"Yes, yes; I know. Suppose, however, that it should turn out that this special piece does not belong to me, what difference will it make?"

"All the difference in the world, my Lord. If it belongs to anyone else, they can run up a lot of cottages, inundate the place with rabble, and spoil the sea view."

"I am sure it does not belong to anyone else," broke in his Lordship, impatiently.

"If it is common land, it would practically be open to a similar objection. Excursionists, niggers, and photographers, all sorts of tag-rag-and-bobtail would make it a pitch. Let me impress on your Lordship that if this portion of your estate is going to pay it must be kept select."

"Very well, Mr. Farquharson; I have no doubt you are right. I will have the matter looked up and write to you."

"Perhaps your Lordship would be good enough to give me another interview. Let me see, shall we say to-day fortnight?"

Having obtained consent, the agent departed for Glasgow.

The more the Earl thought of the scheme the more he liked it. If the burghers would only take a liking to the place, his income would grow by leaps and bounds, and, what was still better, it would be all hard cash. He was not yet so deeply involved as to be unable to raise a few hundreds, and he resolved to speculate to at least that extent.

During the fortnight his deeds and maps were examined by his law agents, and his factor collected the evidence of the oldest inhabitants, with the result that the point was not cleared up. The ground was unmentioned in any deed, nor did it appear in the oldest map; indeed, the factor hazarded the opinion that it was simply land from which the sea had receded.

Mr. Farquharson grew very grave when this was explained to him.

"I am afraid, my Lord, the deal's off," he remarked. "I am sorry to have troubled your Lordship for nothing."

"Stay," said the Earl. "I am anxious about this scheme; I quite see its advantages. Is there no way of settling it?"

"Well, if a decision in your favour could be got from a court, that would do. If it were upset afterwards, that wouldn't matter if the people had only bought the land first."

The Earl frowned: he was not a business man.

"I don't see how we can get a decision," he said.

"I think I can, with your Lordship's leave."

"Yes? How?"

"Will your Lordship prosecute a trespasser?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll take care there's an aggravated case of trespass before long."

Mr. Farquharson was as good as his word. At a fishing village a few miles from Balmaquidah, the estate he was anxious to develop, he made acquaintance with an old fisherman. He was not a nice old man; he was not painfully truthful, neither was he a teetotaler. The minister gave him a shockingly bad character; altogether, he was a useful and usable man.

After ascertaining that a hundred pounds would be acceptable, it was agreed that the fisherman should manage to stave his boat in just off Balmaquidah, get her drawn up on the debateable land, and there, with help, overhaul and mend her.

Mr. James Douglas, commonly known as "Drunken Jamie," faithfully carried out his part of the compact. He stove in his boat when she was very close in shore, ran her aground, solaced himself with whisky, and went in search of a gang of helpers.

This he had no difficulty in finding when he explained what had happened, and that there was plenty of whisky to wet the job.

As the party arrived upon the scene of action, a nicely dressed young gentleman was strolling about the spot. He took off his coat and lent a willing hand.

The boat was soon hauled up high and dry, higher and drier, in fact, than seemed necessary to Jamie's crowd of helpers; in fact, at the instigation of the young gentleman, it was landed on the debateable ground.

A most amiable young gentleman this: "Mr. Wully Walker" was his name, and he hailed from "Glasgie." He suggested that Jamie should take the opportunity of rejuvenating his old tub, and even offered to get up a subscription to enable Mr. Douglas to do this. He won everyone's goodwill by his neat way of taking off whisky and reeling off yarns.



The land agent convinced the Earl that the proposal tended to his interest.

The renovation of the boat proceeded merrily, and was so thoroughly done that it occupied considerable time. The ancient foreshore became the lounging place of all the loafers of the district; it reeked with the smell of pitch, and was illuminated at night by the light of the fire in front of the tent by which Mr. Douglas sat carousing with Mr. Wully Walker and sundry boon companions. From Walker, Mr. Douglas learned much that interested him, and confirmed him not to let the Bonny Jean put to sea sooner than he could help. When Mr. Walker got much whisky on board the moorings of his tongue became loosened.

Just while things were in this happy condition a constable came and served Mr. Douglas with a summons for trespassing on the demesne of the Earl of Tulzie, the pursuer.

"Weel," said Jamie, as he took it, "I ken it's hard on a body; an' a body must droon rather than come ower his Lordship's land?"

This sentiment met with general approval, and things would have gone hard with the process-server but for the Christian forbearance of Jamie and the good offices of Mr. Wully Walker.

The matter found its way into the local papers in due course; they, after the nature of their kind, stated the facts, making no comment.

These met the eagle eye of an enterprising London journalist, who communicated the facts to his paper, the *Evening Comet*, a Radical journal, which printed a few lines of narrative and a column and a-half of headlines and comment. The article was entitled—

#### EARL v. FISHERMAN.

A NOBLE EARL PREFERS THAT A HUMBLE FISHERMAN SHOULD  
DROWN TO HAVING HIS LAND CONTAMINATED.

#### THE SACRED RIGHTS OF LAND!

A COWARDLY FISHERMAN PREFERS TRESPASS TO A WATERY GRAVE!!  
ALAS! FOR THE LOST RIGHTS OF PIT AND GALLOWS!!!

And so on, *ad nauseam*. The comments were the usual *olla podrida* of rhodomontade phrases, jerked in to show forth the encyclopædic knowledge of the writer, each separate reference having a headline to itself, in the most approved American "dishelout" manner.

The Earl of Tulzie did not usually see the *Comet*, but this special issue was brought to his notice by "a deuced good-natured friend." He left his colossal work on "Astronomical Influences on Prehistoric Man," and betook himself to his law agents. He would answer the *Evening Comet*. Surely a suit must lie for libel.

The attorney allowed that it was a gross and abominable libel, but pointed out that, under the peculiar circumstances, it might be well to let it pass.

"Let it pass!" cried his Lordship; "I'll do no such thing. It is a pestilent rag! Take action against it at once; unless," he added, with that beautiful caution so characteristic of his nation, "you don't think it would be good for the damages."

"That is hardly the point," said the attorney. "We know why this action between your Lordship and the fisherman Douglas has been commenced."

The Earl was puzzled for a moment; then a look of intelligence stole across his face.

"You mean—"

"I mean, my Lord, that, although undertaken for a very laudable purpose, this test case might, by the malicious, of course, be viewed as a—well, er—a conspiracy."

"A conspiracy!" gasped the Earl.

"Well, a kind of conspiracy, let us say."

"Against whom?" asked his Lordship.

"Public rights, my Lord. I am not saying that that would be my view; but it is best on all counts not to take the matter up."

Now, his honour was very dear to the Earl of Tulzie; but dearer still was the money he hoped to make out of Balmaquidah fen duties.

At length, even in a Scotch court, "The Earl of Tulzie v. Douglas" came to trial. It was unfortunate that the Sheriff-Substitute could not have been informed of the why and wherefore of the proceedings, because in

that case he would probably have treated the matter simply from the surface. As it was, he, like most other people not "in the know," felt that it was monstrous to suppose that a man should hesitate between committing a trespass and getting drowned. This was so much the general view that all question of the rightful ownership of the land was obscured in the public mind. Of course, it belonged to the Earl of Tulzie, thought everybody, so, too, thought the Sheriff-Substitute, but in his indignation he determined to have it proved up to the hilt, a matter within his power, as Jamie denied the trespass.

It may be fairly stated that these were halcyon days for Jamie. His only regret was that he was physically incapable of drinking all the whisky offered to so interesting a martyr. To be a martyr and to suffer neither pain nor inconvenience, and to have your pockets filled for your trouble as well, is a position an angel might envy.

When the case came on, the Earl of Tulzie was represented by his advocate. The fisherman had no lawyer, but it was understood that he was privately advised by his firm friend, Mr. Wully Walker.

That Jamie had caused his boat to be drawn on to this piece of ground was indisputable, nor could he prove that he had used due diligence in



mending her. If it was an act of trespass, it was very flagrant indeed, but Jamie averred that it was "just naeboddy's land, and well kened to be so."

The case dragged on. Time after time it was adjourned, in order that points might be settled and proofs lodged. As these delays were always at the instance of the Earl's lawyers, it was spread about that, as the pursuer could not put the defender in the wrong, he was trying to wear him out by weight of purse, and a very pretty character the Earl got. At last it was shown that the Earl of Tulzie had no property in the land.

This would have been bad enough, but the Sheriff-Substitute thought fit to make a good many comments on the case. Jamie, no doubt, he said, was to blame for not being quicker in mending his boat; nor should he have encouraged all the idle loafers in the neighbourhood, as he undoubtedly did: but to save his life and boat, the Sheriff thought, he



The boat was landed on the debateable ground.

had been justified in beaching her. Having thus dressed the fisherman down, the Sheriff turned to the Earl. He broadly insinuated that his Lordship was deficient in the commonest feelings of humanity; that, in order to gain a title to a piece of land which he ought to have known he never possessed, he had carried on a lawsuit, hoping that poverty might make his opponent give way. Having an eye to a seat in Parliament in the Radical interest, the Sheriff managed to preach a sermon on the text of the iniquitous land laws, and thereby gained a cheap advertisement. He finished by acquitting Jamie and condemning the Earl in costs.

All this and much more was promptly telegraphed to the London papers. The *Flag* commented on it more in sorrow than in anger; the *Morning Pillar* was enraged that a Peer should have his rights questioned; but the more Radical dailies had no words of condemnation sufficiently strong for his conduct. Even the *Balak*, which was accustomed to print his letters on the importance of maintaining the Union in leader type, did not defend him, and the Earl felt he must for the future walk the earth a disgraced man.

As the matter was the talk of every club, the Earl thought his best course was to go down to Tulzie Castle, where he could, at least, sulk in dignity. On his way he called on Mr. Farquharson.

"Yes, my Lord, the matter is right off," said the agent. "As I told you, no one will take land when heaven knows what may go on in front of their windows."

"It is a very serious matter to me," said the Earl. "I am afraid it will be costly for both of us."

"What does your Lordship mean?"

"I understood you proposed to pay half of the expenses."

"Not a bit of it. I said I would pay half the cost of getting that old jossler to commit a trespass. Well, I've paid the lot, and as soon as I can get the account made out I'll send your Lordship particulars of your share. I never said I'd go a penny towards the prosecution."

"Very well; send in your account."

"I will; thank you, my Lord. It's unfortunate, for the folks will make that piece of land quite a common gathering ground now, and

I should not wonder if there were a good many trespassers on your Lordship's grounds. Good morning, my Lord."

The land agent was right. There was a good deal of trespassing, but the Earl thought it best to pass it by, and hoped to live down the unpopularity in time.

One morning his Lordship was informed that a Mr. James Douglas insisted on seeing him. It was the fisherman who had been doing his level best to deserve the *sobriquet* of "Drunken Jamie."

"I thoct I'd call on your Lordship; ye ken we've been at logger-heads, but Jamie's no the ane to bear malice."

"What do you want, fellow? Your costs have been paid."

"Luik at that the noo! Ca'ing me 'fellow'! Weel, weel, only to think on't!"

With some difficulty the Earl discovered that Mr. Douglas conceived that he had rendered him some service which demanded the utmost gratitude, and had called to receive his reward. Bailie Farquharson had, it seemed, been liberal.

"I owe you nothing. Just take yourself off," said the Earl.

"Nae, nae, my Lord," returned Jamie. "Do you ken ane Wully Walker, a bit laddie fra Glasgae, wha's with Bailie Farquharson?"

As the Earl had not the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance, Mr. Douglas explained that he had found Willy a most conversable "chiel," especially when rather drunk, in which state he had revealed that the whole matter was being done by arrangement for the sole benefit of the Earl and Mr. Farquharson, and that he had been sent by the latter to see that Jamie committed a flagrant trespass indeed.

Jamie felt that his innocence had been taken a mean advantage of, and being, like many Scotchmen, somewhat litigious, he had heard a little about conspiracy, and was firmly convinced he was a victim.

"I am an old man," he protested in the vernacular, "and about past work; now, if I hold my tongue, it will be little enough if your Lordship gives me a pension."

The Earl thought a minute. Certainly, it would look well if he were to pension the fisherman.

"How much?"

"Twa p'und the week," said Jamie, "an' wi' ane Bailie Farquharson says he'll demit me I'll be in clover. Your Lordship may be sure I'm not ane to let folk spear me with questions."

"You shall have it."



Photo by Brigham, Scarborough.

"DON'T MOVE!"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. George Moore has prepared a great surprise for his readers. His efforts in fiction have led one not unnaturally to think that the real Zolaesque novel was to be planted in England by his hand. He had caught the photographic mania, the craving for a heap of material to work with; he had evidently no squeamishness in allusions or descriptions. The subject of his new novel, "Esther Waters" (Scott), had been announced before: the heroine was to be a kitchenmaid, and her way of life was to lie among betting folks. It laid open a long line of very disagreeable possibilities. How could the camera do other than make ignoble pictures?

And the result is that whoever dreaded what Mr. Moore would make of his themes owes him deep apologies. "Esther Waters" is photographic of a life that is often vulgar and sordid, but the vulgarity is not in the photographer. He has not taken his camera into every nook, and he has photographed nothing unnecessary to the telling of a sad rather than a sordid story, which means we do him wrong in calling him a photographer.

The anti-gambling societies should circulate the book by the thousand, for the widespread vice was never shown up so mercilessly. Yet there is no hysterical exaggeration, and side by side with the accusing examples of the evil runs much human sympathy with the dull monotony of lives, which gives to betting the specious look of being the poor man's hope, excitement, and romance. It is a novel of the people, with not a note of cynicism in it. Their temptations, their ambitions, and their religion—especially the latter—are all treated with a reverent sympathy, and yet a novel of the pot-house, stable, servants' hall, race-course, and consumption hospital might easily have been loathsome. It is not only a strong reminder of the curse that saps the strength that might go to honest labour; it will be remembered, too, as a picture of strenuous heroism, and, when details are forgotten, respect for the painter and for much of the bitter life he has painted will still remain.

Mr. Archer's "Theatrical 'World,'" containing his own criticisms of the recent drama, dedicated to Mr. Robert Lowe, is quickly followed up by a volume under their joint editorship, "The Dramatic Essays of Leigh Hunt" (Scott). Hunt is a notable person in the annals of dramatic criticism. He was the first writer of any note who took up the work as a serious daily business, "the first who succeeded in emerging from the mists of anonymity." His earliest critiques were written when he was but a lad, yet they were so sincere, so thoughtful, so independent—a rare kind of precocity—that they are here reprinted, not as curiosities, nor as of mere autobiographical interest, but as substantial and suggestive contributions to criticism. There is some good reading in the book.

To all true sentimentalists I commend a big, unwieldy tome, the first volume of what promises to be a colossal "Dictionary of Folklore" (Nutt). This first volume is a dictionary in itself; it is on traditional games, and Mrs. Gomme is responsible for it. Folklorists will buy it; sentimentalists will revel in it. Perhaps the romantic element in children's games is dying out in this athletic age, and bodily skill and strength are more evident than imagination. But in the remoter villages and in the back streets of country towns you still hear, sung in a monotonous, childish treble, the echoes of what must once have been heart-stirring romances.

These rhyme-games are so crude and so elliptical, one wonders what meaning children attach to their words; but highly suggestive and pictorial are they if you bring but a little fancy to fill up the gaps. What was the story here, for instance, and were there three or only two in the heart-stirring drama?—

Isabella, Isabella, Isabella, farewell!  
Last night when we parted  
I left you broken-hearted,  
And on a green mountain  
There stands a young man.

How delicate is this way of sending off an importunate lover, or letting a cruel mistress go—

Take a walk, love,  
Take a walk, love,  
Take a walk, love, farewell!

Then the mysterious lady with the large desires is a fascinating picture—

There stands a lady on the mountain,  
Who she is I do not know;  
All she wants is gold and silver,  
All she wants is a nice young man.

The entire contents of the circulating libraries could not stir your fancy more than these broken rhyme-games caught up from childish lips.

A novel of a kind that we in England cannot—perhaps dare not—write is Jókai's "Timar's Two Worlds" (Blackwood). I have read it in a second edition, and it may be familiar to some in the first three-volume edition. It is the work of a man who writes for an untired generation, for a people whose poetical instincts well up readily, who do not need constant stimulants or fretfully demand short cuts. Such a nation may be Hungary; such, to-day, at least, is not England.

It may possibly bore fully one half of those who try to read it in the excellent English translation, this story of Turkish, Hungarian, and Greek character and adventures, where commercial greed, primitive passion, and idyllic simplicity are so cunningly wrought together. The others it will probably fascinate, though some of its pages may be skipped. There is nothing of the clever modern novel about it, but it has elements of greatness, and its writer might have written epics. Once its unfamiliarities are pierced, you see its broken gleams of grandeur.

Novelists have been fluttered lately by the curious proceedings of a well-known editor. He has sent circulars round to all the most popular writers of the day, inviting them to contribute stories to his magazine at prices varying from five to ten guineas for five thousand words. In certain cases he has been good enough to say that he will not require that the manuscript should be first submitted to him; he will be content with a full synopsis of the story, on receipt of which he will write giving further particulars. I know of two cases in which this circular was sent to writers who can easily command £100 for a story of five thousand words. One of them was offered five guineas, the other ten guineas. It is fair to say that apologies have been sent since—in one instance, at any rate.

That pleasant and cheerful writer, Sarah Jeanette Duncan, has a new novel nearly ready. It is to be entitled "A Daughter of To-Day," but I believe it will not be published for about a couple of months. o. o.

## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Camels Gone Wild.* I have myself only been on the fringe of Arizona, and I did not see the wild camels. But according to the *San Francisco Chronicle* they are there, and are increasing in number every year. The account is worth noticing. It seems that in the early days of the Comstock mining they were imported to carry salt there from a salt deposit far out in the desert; but they were too slow for the Americans, who sold them to the Mexicans, and they, in their turn, finding them useless in the hills, treated them so ill that three died. A Frenchman bought the remainder, and eventually nine of them, which ultimately increased to thirty-six, were turned adrift in Arizona. Here they have thriven ever since, and now there must be a great number. They are very wary and swift, flying into waterless wastes, impenetrable by man, when approached. This is very interesting, but not nearly so remarkable as the Andalusian instance, because in Arizona natural conditions are exactly suited to the camel, whereas the Guadalquivir district is a land of *marismas*, or swamps and mud. Now, every traveller knows that in mud a camel is generally helpless. A common feature of the interior of Morocco, for example, is the white skeletons of camels who have died from getting into mud-holes. Here they are helpless, for the long hind-legs slip apart until they are beyond control, and yet even here the camel has managed to survive and breed.

*Swimming of Horses.* A good deal is being written and said just now upon the importance to cavalry of practising the crossing of rivers by swimming their horses over. No doubt, there are occasions when this may be very necessary; but there can be no question as to the amount of practice it involves. The fact is this, horses differ as much in their swimming powers as in jumping. I have seen in my travels some horses remarkably good and some remarkably bad at water. Some horses never seem to acquire well the art of emerging. It is not always possible to choose a nice level crossing with low banks, and where one horse is an adept at scrambling up a bank twenty will be found to be non-proficient, especially when the rider has to be got up the bank in addition. I see that some authorities recommend that the horses should be ridden over, some that the man should dismount and cross holding on to the saddle and floating by his horse's side. But the best way, surely, is that which most travellers are familiar with—namely, to hang on to the horse's tail. I remember, one October day, crossing an arm of Lake Winnipeg in this way with my Indian hunters, and horribly cold it was—but this is by-the-way. It has this great advantage, that it leaves the horse absolutely unencumbered.

*Otter at a Distance from Water.* An otter is recorded as having been found in a drain in Essex, thirteen miles from the nearest water. "What it was there for is a mystery," says the writer who communicates the fact to the *Field*. But I don't know why it should be regarded as such. Those who suppose that the otter feeds only on fish are greatly mistaken. The otter, like the fox, enjoys variety in its fare. It will eat water-rats; it will eat beetles. I know this, and I have little or no doubt that it will eat frogs also. Besides, an otter requires very little water; in one sense it requires none. So long as it can find food it can do without water. When we are out with the hounds, we not infrequently find the otter lying up in some dry, snug place—a faggot stack, a hedge side, a dry drain, or what not—a long way from water, and they are great land travellers. Often a hunted otter will take to the land, and run a five- or ten-mile point before it touches water again; and this it will do with the pack all round it, keeping to the thick thorns or other bushes, and going just so fast that the hounds cannot stop it.



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MISS JENNIE ROGERS

ON HER BENEFIT AS CINDERELLA AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, LIVERPOOL, 1894.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BERRY, LIVERPOOL.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XV.—MR. S. DOWNING AND THE "SPORTSMAN."

"If you want to know the time, ask a policeman." So runs the injunction of a well-known song, but if you want to know which horse is going to win the Lincoln Handicap it is advisable to seek some other oracle. Much as I revere the intelligence of the City policeman (writes a *Sketch* representative), I never consult him on such an important subject, for the simple reason that a penny spent in a *Sportsman* entitles me to a front seat in the arcana of Turfdom. I have only to open "'Vigilant's' Notebook" and—well, there you are.

Shakspeare says, "I am nothing if not critical," and a newspaper nowadays is nothing if it does not act as the guide, philosopher, and friend of its readers. The *Sportsman* does this with marked success. It endeavours to give its readers the wisest counsel, the most experienced guidance, and the most reliable reports. It is owned and controlled by two veteran sportsmen, Messrs. Ashley and Smith, and upon its staff are some of the best sporting writers in the kingdom.

"'Vigilant's' Notebook" was first opened twenty-eight years ago by Mr. James Smith, one of the founders of the paper, and it has been kept open ever since by Mr. John Corlett, Mr. James Henry Smith, Mr. Henry Smurthwaite, and other famous writers. Sisyphus had an easy task compared with that which "'Vigilant" performs. He is compelled every day to roll up the steep hill of speculation a column of equine facts and figures for the guidance of the people who follow his teachings. His article occupies the place of honour in the paper, and it is quite as eagerly read as those which deal with national concerns of a more general kind. Another giant on the staff is Mr. William Allison, the Special Commissioner, who has earned deserved renown as one of the first authorities on breeding questions. His knowledge of horseflesh is so "extensive and peculiar" that it is no unusual thing for breeders and trainers to elicit it for their own special benefit. Then there is "Vindex," Mr. Lowingham Hall, who is as well known in the coursing world as Judge Hedley.

The editor of this go-ahead paper is Mr. Samuel Downing, a well-known journalist, who came up from Birmingham upwards of five years ago, on the invitation of the proprietors, to undertake his present responsible duties. Curiously enough, Mr. Downing's two immediate predecessors hailed from the "Midland Metropolis," and all three of them had their training on the general newspaper press. Members of the Institute of Journalists may be interested to learn that their President, Mr. Charles Russell, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, occupied the editorial chair of the *Sportsman* about a score of years ago.

I was fortunate in finding Mr. Downing in his cosy room overlooking Fleet Street. Although he has been close upon twenty years on the Press, the editor of the *Sportsman* is well on the right side of forty. He has the restless energy of the healthy, but the fire of his enthusiasm is tempered with the cool judgment and deliberation of the trained journalist. He writes but little for his paper, but his supervision is close and critical. He grips the reins of government with a steady hand, and, like a successful jockey, pilots his paper to the winning-post of popular approval.

"Well, Mr. Downing, I suppose that the winter of your discontent is over?" I remarked, as a crowd of newsboys in the street began to shout something about the Lincoln Handicap.

"Yes," assented Mr. Downing, with a smile; "now that the flat-racing season has opened, things will be more lively in the sporting world. Winter, naturally, makes a considerable difference to the circulation of sporting newspapers, but, still, we have nothing to grumble at in that respect. Football, of course, claims a large share of attention nowadays."

"I suppose there never was a time when more interest was taken in sporting matters than there is to-day?"

"I should think not," rejoined the editor, lighting a cigar. "The love of sport is inherent in the Britisher, and you cannot erase it, like certain

grandmotherly legislators are doing the sporting news in the free libraries. Touching that matter, it strikes me as a very ill-advised proceeding to 'black' out the reports of the betting market and leave in the reports of the stock and share markets."

"But surely such legislation is playing into your hands?"

"Precisely. If a man cannot get the information he wants for nothing, he will spend a penny to obtain it. The municipal wisacres who black out betting news are really depriving a large class of rate-payers of the information they require. The free libraries are supported by the rates, and if a section of the community wants betting news the authorities are not justified in depriving them of it. Moreover, it has a tendency to send men into the public-house, where they can see two or three sporting papers for the price of a glass of beer."

"Does the *Sportsman* suffer from the very extensive publication of sporting news in the ordinary morning and evening journals?"

"On the contrary, I think we gain by the extraordinary competition which takes place among ordinary newspapers in the supply of sporting news. It may appear remarkable, but I believe it is really a fact.

You see, a man buys a newspaper primarily for the ordinary news of the day. He reads what is going on in the sporting world, and, by-and-by, becomes more interested in sporting matters—say, horse-racing, football, or cricket. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon, and gradually he finds that the sporting intelligence in the ordinary newspaper is not sufficient for him. He must have a paper wholly devoted to sport. Thus our army of readers is constantly being recruited from the ranks of the readers of ordinary news journals."

"Your staff must be a large and expensive one?"

"Yes, it is. We have the largest staff of racing reporters of any paper. They attend all the principal race meetings throughout the kingdom. We depend very little on outside assistance. The expense of collecting our news is enormous, because practically all of it—training reports, results of racing, overnight selections, order of running, &c.—must be sent by telegraph. Our starting prices are obtained at first hand, and all the leading sportsmen throughout the country settle by them. We claim to produce a paper which appeals to the honest British sportsman, carefully avoiding any record of those lower forms of sport which are not typical of our national love of healthy manly pastimes."

Then our talk drifted on to matters managerial, when I learnt that the *Sportsman* is the oldest and largest daily sporting paper in the world, and that the senior proprietors of the *Sportsman* are Mr. C. H. Ashley and Mr. Sydney Smith, the juniors being

Mr. H. B. Smith and Mr. C. Ashley, jun., all of whom take an active interest in the conduct of the paper. Mr. C. H. Ashley is one of the oldest sporting journalists in Fleet Street, and he is reluctant to lay down the work with which he has been associated so long. As is but natural, the proprietors take the keenest interest in every branch of sport.

"Are your mechanical troubles over yet?" I asked, remembering the trade dispute at the *Sportsman* office in 1892, owing to the introduction of labour-saving type-setting machines.

"Yes, I think so," said Mr. Downing, with a smile. "The net result of the quarrel is that we have a most efficient composing staff, consisting principally of machinists who work the Thorne machines."

"It was not true," went on Mr. Downing, as the memory of that struggle returned, "that we employed cheap labour, or that we paid our hand compositors wages below the rates fixed by the Society of Compositors. The scale proposed for machine composition and refused by the Society has, by an experience extending over more than two years, been shown to have been not only fair, but liberal. The men at present engaged on the machines, I am informed by the manager, earn a wage considerably in excess of that which the Secretary of the Compositors' Society mentioned before the Royal Commission on Labour as the average wage of the skilled hand compositor. As regards the employment of boys, we have no boys at all. We employ youths to clean the machines and keep them in working order. We never expected that a quarrel would take place, fully believing that an amicable arrangement could be made with the Society as to the rate of wages to be paid."



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

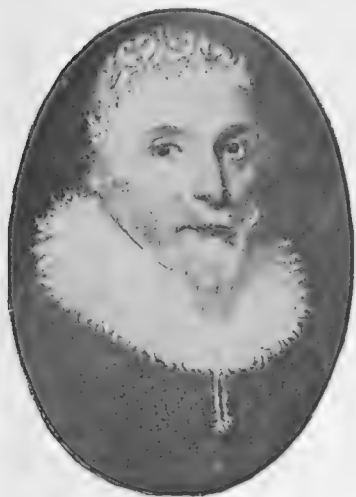
MR. S. DOWNING.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

There is a very interesting sequel to the publication of Allart van Loeninga's picture of "The Leaders of the Skippers' Guild," published in *The Sketch* for March 14.

A gentleman has discovered a beautiful miniature, purchased at the sale of the late Viscount Hampden's art treasures, which, after careful examination, seems to be undoubtedly a portrait of the President of the Skippers' Guild, Marcus de la Palma, from the brush of Allart van Loeninga. We reproduce this exquisite miniature, from which the resemblance to one of the faces in the artist's previous picture will clearly be visible. The technique is very fine, and process work can hardly do justice to Van Loeninga's delicate flesh tints. The date of the picture given in our issue for March 14 was stated to be 1635, and the style of the miniature is evidently that of the same period.



Mr. Quilter must now be a happy man. In the famous article to which we referred in a former issue he censured those critics who ventured to doubt the perfection of Frederick Walker's art. The Birmingham Society of Artists, which recently opened its exhibition, has put on view a collection of pictures and drawings by that artist, few of which have been seen in combination before. Mr. Quilter must be enjoying quite a happy month of fine days, if we may claim the embargo of a phrase from Mr. Stevenson.



PYGMALION.—H. T. SCHÄFER.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



TABEAU COMMÉMORATIF DU VOYAGE DE M. LE PRÉSIDENT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE À BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 4 JUIN. 1889.—F. SCHOMMER.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

In the North-East Gallery of the Society of British Artists, on the screen, there is one little picture that, by its miniature finish, compels attention. It is painted by Mr. H. G. Hewitt, R.B.A., and he calls it by the somewhat silly title of "Kittens." There is quite an exquisiteness of finish and delicate touch which remind one just a little of Mr. Strudwick, although the landscape is, in Mr. Hewitt's picture, more naturally beautiful than any landscape from the brush of Mr. Strudwick, who, of course, does not work that way. But Mr. Hewitt's work compels, as we have said, one's attention to the extreme elegance of his style and accomplishment.

A very representative collection of paintings has been gathered together for this year's Guildhall Loan Exhibition, opened a few days ago by the Lord Mayor in state, and due to the energy of Mr. A. G. Temple, whose judgment has been exercised with much skill. The exhibition is a curious one in the fact that it is so extremely representative. To leap from Rembrandt to Sir Frederic Leighton is to dive into cold water and come up gasping. Well-hung though the gallery is in general, one cannot but regret, however, that Rembrandt should court the skies in his "Portrait of an Old Lady," which is a very admirable and gorgeous work.



"ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND."—C. BAXTER.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket.

Another interest this collection shares with the exhibition at the same place of two years ago—namely, the possibility of tracing what we must regretfully, but no less unhesitatingly, call the lapse of Sir John Millais' art. Two years ago it was "Ophelia" that restored the old beauty of composition and conscientiousness of design, which this artist's later work had persuaded us to forget. This year it is "Isabella" which recalls that ancient promise, that morning that so generously presaged the noonday sun. But as you wander by and find the hand that was so careful to compose, to subordinate, to relate, exchanging these exquisite qualities for a British kind of heavy vigour, the colour hardening and thinning, then you have time to be very sad and sorrowful. For here, certainly, was an artist.

There is a beautiful Romney here—one of the most beautiful Romneys that we have ever seen, "Lady Hamilton at the Spinning Wheel," and a Constable which is exceedingly fine, "Salisbury Cathedral." There are many pictures, also, that are eloquent still to convince us of the supreme excellence of the Dutch in the art which that odd people loved so much, and there are many Academicians to display their perhaps less subtle beauties for the joy of the lover of modern days—Poynters, and Goodalls, and Gows, and



LES COMMÈRES DE PLOUÉNAN (FINISTÈRE).—C. DE MARINITSCH.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



Dicksees, and Calderons, and Marcus Stones, and Horsleys, and others. We must not forget here to mention that among many pictures more familiar to us by recent exhibitions are one or two modern canvases that still retain their hold on our affections. Among these must be noted Mr. Adrian Stokes's "The Setting Sun," which one rejoices to find still so beautiful in painting, in breadth of style, and in noble colour.

Colonel J. T. North and Mr. J. C. Merryweather have just visited the Paris studio of Mr. R. Caton Woodville, and the former has purchased his picture "After the Storming of Badajos." It will be exhibited in the Royal Academy this year, and depicts in Mr. Woodville's most vivid style the sorrow of the Duke of Wellington at the awful slaughter of the British troops. Although victorious, the loss on the English side was immense, being mainly caused by the fiendish armaments of the besieged, consisting of naked sword-blades inserted in huge blocks of timber, on which the besiegers fell. The painting is considered by all who have seen it to be Mr. Caton Woodville's masterpiece. All admirers of this celebrated artist, whose work is so often seen in the *Illustrated London News*, will be glad of an opportunity of seeing this picture before it forms part of the splendid collection which Colonel North is forming at Eltham.

A great picture is a liberal education, and, more often than not, a great picture has its inspiration in a sacred theme. The treatment of these subjects has an advantage in the fact that it is scrutinised by people who have formed their own idea of what the canvas should reveal. No abstruse title can attract in the same measure as some line which has centuries behind it. This is why crowds who are never seen inside Burlington House thronged while they could to the Doré Gallery or gazed for hours on



SALTER'S BOAT-HOUSE, OXFORD.—MAX LUDBY.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, New Bond Street.

masterpieces of Munkacsy, and it is the reason why thousands will visit Niagara Hall, Westminster, in order to compare their conception of "Christ Entering Jerusalem" with that of M. Philippoteaux.

The name of the great French artist is chiefly known to his admirers in connection with dioramic triumphs, such as "The Siege of Paris,"



PORTRAIT OF A LADY (ON A PEDESTAL).—SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

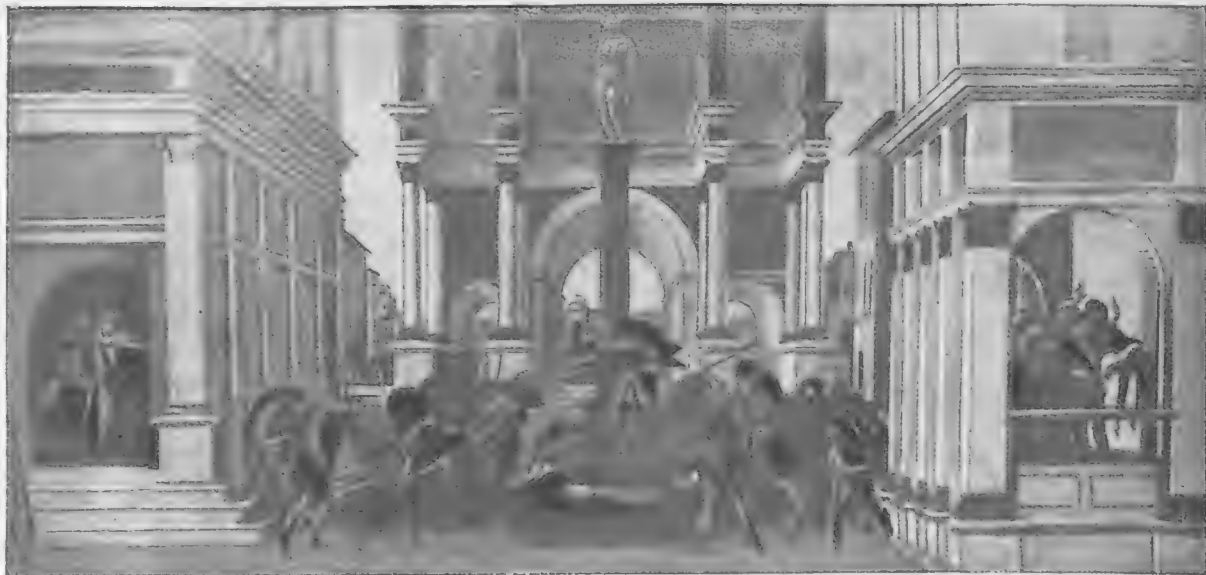
In the Exhibition of Early Italian Art, New Gallery, Regent Street. Reproduced by permission of the Misses Louisa and Lucy Cohen.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.—RAPHAEL.

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which was a Crystal Palace attraction for a long time. But the genius of Philippoteaux has now a fairer chance of appreciation as an artist rather than a virtuoso. In this large canvas, the study of which well repays an hour or two, he marshals, with wonderful fidelity to the scope of the Scriptural narrative, many figures, with as many expressions and attitudes. Heralded by running children, strewing flowers as they go, the procession with its central Figure has passed under the gate of the city, and is attracting the attention of the inhabitants. The painter has heightened the sublime effect by the omission of the customary halo, substituting a delicate circle of light. The faces of the disciples are splendid character-studies, as are the piteous prostrate forms which on the road-side are



THE DEATH OF LUCRETIA.—SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

In the Exhibition of Early Italian Art, New Gallery, Regent Street. Reproduced by permission of the Earl of Ashburnham.

plaintively crying for succour. Perhaps the greatest compliment to Philippoteaux's work is to say that in it there is no jarring note of eccentricity or improbability.

At a very ripe old age, Herr Charles von Blaas, a professor in the Academy at Vienna, has recently died. He was seventy-nine years of age, and was well known, more on the Continent than in England, for his historical and *genre* paintings. It is nearly forty years since he obtained a gold medal at the Exposition Universelle of Paris for a picture which had for its somewhat curious subject "Charlemagne Reproving the Negligent Scholars." One of the principal galleries of the Vienna Arsenal also contains important historical frescoes from his brush. He was a fine Academic painter, in a word, and he deserved his success.



A BATHING PLACE.—ALBERT MOORE.

Reproduced by permission of Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.



THE NATIVITY.—SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

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Spring has at last invaded us, and exhibitions, minor and otherwise, are blossoming in purple and red. Last week we gave some consideration to the Royal Society of British Artists and to the Guildhall Loan Exhibition. This week, besides the New English Art Club, there are shows on view at the Goupil Gallery, at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street, and at Mr. MacLean's. The Goupil Gallery contains an extremely interesting collection of paintings by modern Dutch masters. It is odd to compare this school with that other older and wonderful Dutch school which made a law and a method that, in their own way, were absolute as the law and the method of the Elgin Marbles or the best painters of Japan.

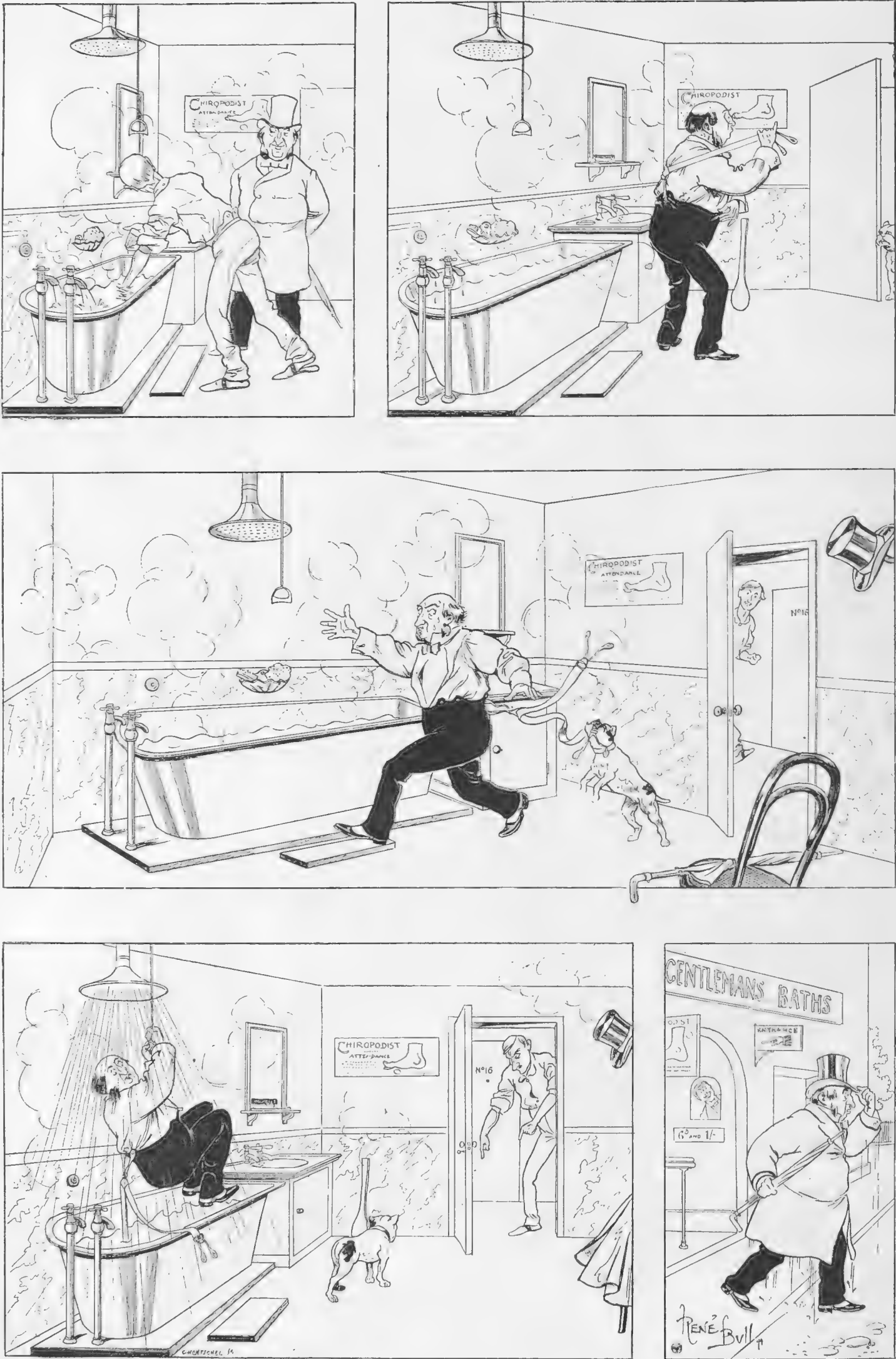
This is to take Mr. Whistler's incisive examples for comparison; yet the comparison is no unworthy one. We have said that it is odd to compare the two Dutch schools, the older and the more modern. The modern school, as exemplified at Goupil's, is nothing if not modern. It records impressions; it makes efforts after generalisation. The old Dutch landscape captured the secret of perfect relation. The modern Dutch landscape is seeking for exquisite discovery.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"CALL THIS A BOUNDLESS OCEAN? WHY, IT'S ALL BOUNDS!"



A KNIGHT OF THE BATH





THE TOWN CRIER, NAPLES.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



Hassall

AS THE "UP EXPRESS" DASHES THROUGH THE STATION.

"Oh! Mr. Porter, doesn't that train stop here?"

"No, Mum, it don't even hesitate."





"How come Cap'n Joe Vivian to have ploughan' prize give to he?"  
"Why, 'cos Cap'n Joe's ploughan' was the worst ploughan' we ever seed; but Dick Tredennick's ploughan' warn't no ploughan' 't all."

## ACTRESS AND AUTHORESS.

## HALF AN HOUR WITH MISS BESSIE HATTON.

Few young ladies connected either with the stage or with literature have started in life with the many varied advantages possessed by kindly and popular Mr. Joseph Hatton's youngest daughter. From early youth she has been the centre of a society composed of all that was worth knowing in both Great Britain and America, and her stage experiences have proved invaluable to her in the literary work which she has of late adopted.

Miss Bessie Hatton (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), in addition to much else which it would surely be an impertinence to describe,



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS BESSIE HATTON IN "THE TRANSGRESSOR."

is gifted with that most excellent possession, a beautiful and well-modulated voice.

"It is," she began, "very difficult for me to talk about myself. An interview—at least, most of those I have read—seems rather egoistical. I have had no career worth writing about at present, although I hope to achieve something some day."

"And yet you have played more important parts than generally, fall to the lot of a young actress?"

"Yes, it is true that I have played several good rôles. I was the original Lady Eve in 'Judah,' and it was when taking this part that I had to try and realise the habits and idiosyncrasies of a consumptive young lady. I discussed the ease with a doctor, who gave me a few hints, and you will be amused to hear that for a very long time people who had seen the piece condoled with me and with my parents upon my state of health; yet I have never had a day's illness in my life."

"When Mr. Mansfield produced 'Richard the Third' at the Globe," continued Miss Hatton, after a short pause, "I was the Prince of Wales, and thoroughly enjoyed the part. I like Shakspeare, and during the two seasons which I spent in Mr. Benson's company I played quite a number of Shaksperian characters, from the Player Queen in 'Hamlet' to Jessica in 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"I believe that you have had occasion several times to play masculine parts," I observed, glancing at the lithe feminine figure of my hostess.

"Yes. When I was still a child, I played the part of Sir Peter Teazle in 'The School for Scandal,' being coached by Mr. Chippendale, who was kind enough to lend me his wig and shoe-buckles. In this same performance the young Irvings took part, and I shall never forget the happy time we all had together; I also played Prince Arthur in the memorial performance of 'King John' at Stratford-on-Avon, and I was the François in Mr. Irving's latest revival of 'Richelieu.' I cannot tell you how kind and considerate Mr. Irving was to me, and some of the happiest memories of my life are associated with the American tour

I took with my father when he accompanied the Lyceum company to the States."

"And have you any favourite part?"

"Well, perhaps the work I have most enjoyed was the dual rôle of the Prince and the Pauper, a part full of variety, alternating between comedy and what might very fairly be styled tragedy. Yes; it is quite true that my first book is published this week," she replied, in answer to a half-question; "it is a novel in two volumes, entitled 'Enid Lyle; a Story of the Convent and the Stage.' My father had always urged me to try and write, but I was devoted to the stage, and had a theory that literary work would interfere with my profession. But at last I made the attempt, and my manuscript was accepted and published anonymously by the *Gentlewoman*, where it ran for twenty weeks."

"Then, I suppose the book-shelves have succeeded the boards in your estimation?"

"I admit that it is a fine thing to interpret character on the stage; but I suppose most people would admit that it is a greater thing to create character. Both depend, of course, upon how far you can realise and express your conception of character. When one thinks of the great actors and of the great authors, it seems presumptuous to talk about one's own achievements. All that I can say is, I give the public my best, such as it is. I believe in the merit of work and of being true to one's ideals. Art, whether she be the drama or literature, is a goddess who accepts no half worship, and I prefer the library to the park, and the stage to the drawing-room."

"And do you really believe that an actress can find time to be a novelist?"

"You must remember that one cannot always be acting, even if one would. Admirable actresses are often out of an engagement, and I assure you it is very delightful now and then to exchange the footlights for a corner of one's own study, and to be able to tell one's own story, instead of acting one that is conceived by someone else. Personally, I cannot imagine a more sweet and satisfying life than to divide one's occupations between literature and the stage."

"And have you any plans for the future?"

"Yes; I have begun a new novel to follow 'Enid Lyle.' You see, I have been a good deal about in the world. They say that to write novels one must have travelled and observed. I think that this applies also to acting, and, furthermore, that one must have a call for any kind of work, and I have been fortunate in feeling so strongly drawn to both my professions."

## HER MAJESTY'S MENU.

The accompanying facsimile of one of the very unpretentious menus which are placed before her Majesty and her guests at the royal dinner table is interesting. The card is printed in gold and colour, and the little view



which heads the menu varies according to the venue of the Court for the time being—Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral. The royal and imperial monogram is an unvarying feature, and a curious detail is that the menu is frequently written in a mixture of French, German, and English.



## LIVE PICTURES.

## A "MODEL" TEA PARTY.

I mustn't tell the name of the artist; but he is young—just beginning to be popular with the public as he has always been with his friends, and it was because he had disposed of his Academy picture that he gave the tea party to his models by way of celebration.

I was invited, as a "chiel amang 'em takin' notes," and I found myself fairly dazed with the impression that half the pictures I had seen



MISS BRIAN.

within the past year had been endowed with life and were crowding around me.

The costume chests of the artist-host had been ransacked, and everybody was picturesquely arrayed. There was the young man of a thoughtful cast of countenance and chiselled features whom we all know as a scion of aristocracy in the good old days of Queen Bess, or the Jameses, or the Charleses. There was the fierce Italian, guilty of many crimes on canvas, an inoffensive citizen in real life, with a *penchant* for Hampstead Heath and out-of-door entertainments. There was a beauty of Ancient Greece, looking a little out of place away from her proper background of white marble, turquoise sky, and tiger-skin, and there was the tall, thin, æsthetic young female in olive-green, with an untidy halo of scarlet hair. There was the King, who had evidently just stepped out of Mr. Poynter's picture of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and last, but not least, there was a pair of lovely Burne-Jones eyes set in a Millais face of rose and pearl.

The two last figures, so strongly contrasting, at once attracted my eager admiration, and longing to know something about the inner life of a model, I contrived to ingratiate myself with the Burne-Jones eyes, the property of pretty little Miss Brian, and, later, with Solomon in all his glory, as expressed by the splendid old Arab, Abdurehman.

But *place aux dames*, of course! She was dressed as a Puritan maiden, and her long lashes rose and fell, her colour deepened among her dimples, as she told me of herself.

"I'm what is called a 'head model,'" she explained. "Though I sit for the figure, too, it is only draped, not nude—oh! I would rather die than do that, and I've been in the profession since babyhood, as was my sister before me. You know, there are very often whole families

of models. The life is a pleasant one for girls, though for men it's dull enough. None of the artists beg them to stay to tea, or give them books and sweets and gloves, and they're rather jealous of us. We are a little jealous of each other, too—at least, it gives one a queer feeling to meet another model, if she's a girl of exactly one's own style. But, speaking of jealousy, many of the artists' wives are the worst of all. They hate a model if she is pretty, and often say their husbands are away when we know they are at home. Why, we can't help finding out when we are pretty! But it doesn't make us vain, as it might other girls, for it is only a part of our business to be good-looking. You want me to tell you what our life is like. Well, our only regular work is usually at the schools, but, because it is so regular, we aren't paid as well. Only six shillings a day, and such hard work—so tiresome, and not at all interesting, when so many people are staring at us and painting us at once. We are usually engaged there for a fortnight or more, however, to sit three days a week, and it is a very good stand-by. But private work spoils one—that is, sitting for an artist in his own studio. I say 'his,' for girls don't like to sit for lady artists. Isn't it curious, they seem absolutely merciless? They never want us to rest, and, instead of paying seven shillings for the day, as men do—whether they keep us the whole day or not—they calculate to the minute how long we have sat, and pay us accordingly, never showing us generosity in any way. But perhaps they may do differently with men. We are all extravagant, but most artists can sympathise with us there. Making a good deal of money one week, we spend it at once, thinking we shall have as much the next—and then, perhaps, we get nothing.

"Oh, but I was going to tell about our studio work, wasn't I? If the artist hasn't a house and a wife, his model is expected to cook the lunch for him and herself, and sometimes it is great fun. If the artist is young and happy, because his pictures are selling well, he feels so jolly



THE FIERCE ITALIAN.

that often he will dress up in parts of ever so many costumes, looking too ridiculous as he parades about, trying to help get lunch. But if things are going badly with him he is gloomy, and will neither eat nor talk. Sometimes he is wildly excited about a certain light or shadow, and we are just as much interested; so we are quite willing to do without rest or luncheon till he has finished. Or we will let him feed us a few mouthfuls, rather than disturb a single fold of some soft silk,

which would never fall precisely the same way twice. If his picture sells, he often tells us, he will buy us a gown at Liberty's, or a bit of jewellery. And he keeps his promise, for he feels we have a right to share the success that we have helped to make.

"Artists often take an interest in their models, quite apart from any silly love nonsense, helping towards their education in music, or painting, or whatever talent they may wish to cultivate. Of course, they do make love to us as well; but, unless they are hateful men, it is only a little innocent joking. The nice ones never attempt liberties, and we don't mind a bit of fun, if we know they don't mean any harm, and will stop when we show them we don't like it.

"Naturally, a girl who is a professional model has to be careful, if she would keep herself above the slightest reproach, and the way we usually manage is to have one artist whom we can trust recommend us to his friends. So we get a connection of our own, and we are warned either by artists or models to keep away from such men as would do us any harm. When we have been recommended, we knock at the studio door and say, 'Do you want a model?' And the most crushing thing which can happen to a girl who poses for her head is to have an artist stare critically at her and exclaim, 'Figure, of course?' No," laughing merrily, "I can't say that ever happened to me."

A box of Fuller's sweets claiming Miss Brian's attention at this juncture, I turned to Abdurehman, whose life, I had been told, was a genuine romance. He had sat for all the celebrities who painted Eastern subjects, from the late Edwin Long to Mr. Poynter, and his eagle face, with the pathetic eyes of a wounded deer, and his gentle, courteous manner so won me that I could fancy how much pleasure the great artists had felt in bestowing upon him the extraordinary kindnesses he

never do unless a marriage followed. His advice being taken, the Arab was induced to accompany the pair in their travels, since the bride knew no language save Turkish and the prince could only speak Hindustani. After a year in England, Abdurehman had taught the lovers to understand each other, and, his mission ended, he carried away a pretty English wife to Constantinople. It was her home-sickness which brought him back later to her native land, after various exciting experiences



ABDUREHMAN.

during the Russo-Turkish War, and it was while displaying the wonderful Oriental draperies in which he dealt as a merchant that Edwin Long saw, coveted, and obtained him as a model. So he drifted into his profession; but in College Road, Kensal Rise, he is still surrounded by stuffs which seem to have been filched from the "Arabian Nights," and I have firmly resolved, some day, to impoverish myself among them.

A. L.

#### THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.—X.

ON A FIRST EDITION.

Some fogeys love the potter's art,  
For choice a bit of Wedgwood ware;  
And some would rather break a heart  
Than break a Louis XV. chair.  
To others life indeed were bare  
Were coin-collecting not a mission;  
For *bric-à-brac* some hunters care;  
I dote upon a First Edition.  
To me the bookman's mystic mart  
Is always more or less a snare;  
It somehow forces me to part  
With sovereigns that I ill can spare.  
It needs some strength of mind to dare  
Resist a catalogue's petition,  
Those items labelled "Scarce" or "Rare"—  
I dote upon a First Edition.  
I would not with my treasures part,  
For all are dear beyond compare,  
Though some are now no longer smart,  
And some are chafed by wear and tear.  
In shabby boards or gilded glare,  
They're fruits of patient acquisition,  
Collected here and everywhere;  
I dote upon a First Edition.

ENVOI.

Let folk of common-sense declare  
My fad a form of superstition,  
And flout it with a lordly air,  
I dote upon a First Edition. J. M. BULLOCK.



THE YOUNG MAN OF A THOUGHTFUL CAST OF COUNTENANCE.

so gratefully recounted. After many wanderings in his youth, he had become a merchant in Constantinople, he told me, in his delightful broken English.

As he was proficient in half-a-dozen Eastern languages, it happened that he was sent for by an Indian prince who had heard of him, and who wished for an adviser as well as an interpreter. The prince had fallen in love with a marvellously beautiful slave exposed for sale in the market, and desired to know if he, as a British subject, might buy her and carry her to England. This, Abdurehman made him understand, would





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## FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AT THE GAIETY.

## REMINISCENCES OF MEYER LUTZ.

The second edition of "Don Juan," on Thursday, gave the Gaiety Theatre another lease of life, but a much more important event takes place on Monday, when a *matinée* is to be given to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the musical conductorship of Herr Meyer Lutz at the merry theatre.

The other evening I determined to look up the veteran conductor and hear from his own lips some of his interesting stories. It is difficult to gain access "behind the scenes" at the Gaiety Theatre. Even if



Photo by Denculain, Strand, W.C.

HERR LUTZ IN 1869.

you are allowed to pass the circumspect Cerberus at the stage door, you will be stopped on the staircase leading to the manager's room by the discreet and watchful Gunn; while Mr. Arthur Roberts's sanctum is guarded by the faithful "Frank," and it is easy to imagine that fiery dragons and flaming swords defend the way to the stage and dressing-rooms. On inquiring for Herr Meyer Lutz, I am conducted down a flight of stone steps, and through a collection of theatrical properties, to a small room in the basement, where the musical director of the Gaiety Theatre spends a considerable portion of his days. It is a modest little room, its furniture consisting of a cottage piano, a writing table, and a large box-sofa, which hides the scores of innumerable operas and burlesques. Herr Lutz sits at the table writing, and there is a merry twinkle in the bright eyes that look through a pair of gold spectacles. He is fond of musical jokes, and he has evidently just been perpetrating one in the score on which he is at work. The "Maestro," as the Gaiety staff call him, is a busy man; he is invariably at the theatre by noon, and spends the day in trying voices, rehearsing on the stage, or composing and scoring, and he is never absent from his post in the orchestra at night.

"You are about to celebrate a kind of 'silver wedding'?" I begin, after the preliminary greetings are over.

"Yes, my dear boy," he replies, with a slight laugh; "I have been wedded to the Gaiety Theatre five-and-twenty years."

"But that doesn't represent all your professional experience, Herr Lutz?"

"No, no, no! seeing that forty-three years ago I was musical director at the Surrey Theatre, under Creswick and Shepherd."

"Then, you have not always been associated with the distinctly lighter class of music, such as has mainly engrossed your attention at the Gaiety?"

"Not by any means! For more than a generation I was director of the music at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, and I have composed even more sacred music than secular."

"But my object in coming to see you to-day was to speak of your long connection with the Gaiety."

"Yes, yes, yes; it is a long time, as you say, five-and-twenty years! It has often been stated that I was here on the opening night. This is

a mistake. I came to the Gaiety early in January, 1869, about fortnight after the theatre was opened by Mr. John Hollingshead."

"The entertainments in those days, I suppose, were rather different from the elaborate extravaganzas of to-day?"

"Very much so. We played a triple bill at the Gaiety. The curtain rose on 'The Two Harlequins,' an operetta in one act, written by Gilbert à-Beckett. This was followed by a comedy-drama in three acts, entitled 'On the Cards,' in which Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal) played. The concluding item was Mr. W. S. Gilbert's burlesque, 'Robert the Devil,' and in this Miss Farren, as Robert, inaugurated her long series of successful 'principal boys.' Among her supporters were Emily Fowler, Constance Loseby, and Annie Tremaine, with Joseph Eldred and a host of others. When 'On the Cards' had run its course, the late T. W. Robertson's comedy, 'Dreams,' was put on, with Miss M. Robertson as the haughty heroine, and for this I composed the music. 'Robert the Devil' ran for some months, and was succeeded by Alfred Thompson's 'Columbus; or, The Original Pitch in a Merry Key,' and this, in due course, gave place to 'Linda of Chamouni; or, Not a Formosa,' which took us up nearly to Christmas. On the first anniversary of the opening of the theatre—namely, Dec. 21, 1869—we produced 'Wat Tyler, M.P.,' written by Mr. George Augustus Sala, in which Mr. J. L. Toole made his bow to a Gaiety audience as the eccentric hatter, Wat. At the same time we also produced 'Uncle Dick's Darling,' in which Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Toole, and the late Miss Adelaide Neilson appeared. After a spell of Offenbach, with 'The Princess of Trebizonde' (I can never forget Toole and Miss Farren in that!) and 'Bluebeard,' we brought out perhaps the very first result of the Gilbert-Sullivan combination in the shape of 'Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Old.' Then we had Hervé's tuneful 'Aladdin II.'—very funnily 'done into English' by Alfred Thompson—and then 'Cinderella the Younger,' with the late Julia Matthews and J. D. Stoye."

"Of course, Herr Lutz, you are not enumerating every piece produced?"

"Good gracious, no! If I were to do that, you and I might sit here till next week. After what I may call the Toole-Loseby-Tremaine combination was dissolved, there began that long and brilliant period of Gaiety triumphs when Miss Farren, still as our bright particular star, was supported by Edward Terry and Royce, Kate Vaughan, Phyllis Broughton, and Connie Gilchrist. A mere reference to a few of the titles of our pieces will show you that almost every burlesqueable subject has been burlesqued at the Gaiety. There were 'Ali Baba,' 'Don Caesar de Bazan,' 'Handsome Hernani; or, The Fatal Penny Whistle,'



HERR LUTZ AT THE PRESENT DAY.

'Fra Diavolo,' 'Robbing Roy,' 'The Corsican Brothers and Co., Limited,' 'Camaralzaman,' 'The Vicar of Wideawakefield,' 'Robin Hood'—"

"Thank you, Herr Lutz," I interposed, laughing; "there is no need to exhaust yourself and your time as well with a longer list. I remember every one of them with pleasure, and so, I am sure, does the public. In all these, I think, you were responsible for the musical arrangements?"

"Absolutely; not only selecting and adapting the popular tunes of the day, but composing many original numbers. Under the management of Mr. George Edwardes we have invariably striven for something musically higher than a *réchauffé* of street songs; we have practically banished the music-hall ditty from the theatre, and substituted original music. One of my biggest successes was the *pas de quatre* in 'Faust Up To Date,' for which the publishers still have a brisk demand. With the exception of two charming songs by Sidney Jones and Lionel Monckton, I composed all the music for 'Don Juan,' the present successful burlesque, of which a second edition is now in preparation."

"And who do you think have been the most successful authors of Gaiety burlesque?"

"Ah, pardon me, that is a delicate question, and would require a diplomatic answer. To extol the dead might seem unfair to the living, and *vice versa*. Byron and Reece knew well how to write for a Gaiety audience of their period, but—tastes have changed. All the cleverest authors of the time have written for the Gaiety, including Burnand, G. R. Sims, H. P. Stephens, W. Yardley, 'Richard Henry,' and others. Of course, it is a great thing to have a good 'book'; but take it from me, my boy—this very impressively—"that when we have versatile, volatile, and ready-witted comedians like the late Fred Leslie and the present Arthur Roberts the 'book' isn't everything. I do not say we could do without the authors, but funny business, lively dancing, and music are what the public look for most in a modern burlesque—especially the *music*," he added with a sly twinkle in his eye as he turned to put the finishing touch to his jokelet among the crotchets and the semiquavers.

H. L.

### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

If Callistrate wins the City and Suburban, the Frenchmen will take a lot of money from the English bookmakers, as our Continental friends plunge heavily when they fancy they have found a good thing. I notice, however, that at the race meetings held in the neighbourhood of Paris the favourites are bowled over oftener than they are in England, and I do not think the native jockeys have improved at all during the last decade. They invariably lose their heads in a tight finish; further, they dash off from pillar to post in long-distance races as in five-furlong sprints, with the result that the book is often turned topsy-turvy.

The Liverpool Meeting is one of the best managed in the country. The comfort of visitors is studied, and every endeavour is made to provide sport worth seeing at the Aintree fixture. Mr. W. S. Gladstone, who acts so efficiently the part of Clerk of the Course, is very popular, and it goes without saying that this has a deal to do with the large patronage accorded Aintree. Mr. Gladstone lives on the spot, so to speak, as he has a nice residence at Aigburth, and he is a good all-round sportsman, enjoying at all times a bit of shooting, a day's coursing, or an afternoon's racing. Mr. Gladstone is very energetic when it comes to business matters, and he believes in putting forth some enterprise. This is shown by the large stakes that are given at the Liverpool Meeting, while we have further evidence of it in the improvements from time to time made in the course and stands. It is difficult to run a meeting successfully that is so far removed from the chief training centres, but we have in Aintree an illustration of the fact that it is possible to do this under certain conditions, and it is evident that the forward policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone is the means by which success has been attained.

It seems pretty certain now that Ladas will run for the Guineas, and I believe John Watts will be his jockey. Watts, as I have written scores of times before, is the best horseman in England to-day, and it is a treat to watch him beating the flash riders in a close finish. He sits like a statue, and does not move a hair until the vital moment arrives, then up goes the whip, a sharp one, two follows, and the result, as a general rule, is that Master John has won by a head. He is just the man for Ladas. Already I hear of enterprising firms who are having illustrated almanacs printed for '95 with Ladas and John Watts holding pride of place. Calculations will be upset should T. Loates have the mount. Indeed, the colt may be beaten; but this, I hope, will not happen.

The Epsom Meeting will always prove a great draw, because it is a free and open fixture in so far as the opposite side of the course is concerned. At the same time, it is passing strange that an autumn meeting does not answer here. The experiment has been twice tried, and each time it failed. I think, however, if Mr. Dorling had instituted a £2000 race—say, the Epsom Autumn Handicap—and had it run over the City and Suburban course between Goodwood and Doncaster, the fixture would have answered well, as those bookmakers who are Epsom Grand Stand shareholders would have created some ante-post betting.

The racing season opens next week at Newmarket, and the local painters have been busily engaged for weeks renovating the mansions which are to be filled with visitors. As the Prince of Wales has decided to patronise the Craven Meeting, it is bound to be a great social success; but the sport will be tame, and it is becoming more and more apparent every year that the Newmarket trainers like to go away from home to try and bring off big *coups*. The handicaps at head-quarters always fare badly—more's the pity, as these are the races that attract the gallery, who draw the line at non-understandable Biennials, Triennials, and Post Sweepstakes.

Lady touts are all very well in their way, but some of the females buttonhole trainers, owners, and jockeys at every turn in the paddock, and try to extract stable secrets galore. This sort of thing can be overdone, and I expect presently to hear of the Trainers, Jockeys, and Owners' Protection Society being started with a view to prevent the female canvassers from getting any information. It is possible to choke off a man who asks for information, but in the case of a woman the matter becomes more difficult, as she is always under the impression, if she asks you for a winner, that you can and must name it for her. But this takes some doing nowadays.

Major Dalbiac is having great improvements made on the Portsmouth course, and I expect by the time the August Meeting comes to be held the south-country enclosure will be in apple-pie order. It is a thousand pities that the race-track had not been properly laid in the first place, as several owners did not like the track when the first meeting was held, and they have not patronised the place since. However, it is to be hoped all will come right in time, as I am sure the meeting could, with liberal and yet careful management, be made to pay well, and Major Dalbiac knows exactly what is required.

The Chester Meeting will this year be a big gathering, although I cannot hear of many starters for the Cup. It is thought in the north of England that Dare Devil will once more prove successful. He is a stayer and a weight-carrier; but it may be that his impost will prove too great this time. Son of a Gun is very likely to have something to do with the finish of the race. I know the Duke of Beaufort always thought this a good colt, and he has some book form to recommend him.

We shall soon see a lively market over the Jubilee Stakes. If Raeburn runs, he will be supported by the talent; so will Comedy, who has been backed already with the Continental list men. The mare has been saved for this race, and should run well. I have, however, heard a whisper that the Jubilee Stakes will be most likely won by Skirpenbeck, a three-year-old colt by Goldseeker, trained at Royston, in Rainbird's stable. I notice the colt is doing useful gallops daily. His two-year-old form was consistently good, and as he is in at Kempton with a light weight he may run well.

It must not for a moment be imagined that Colonel North is about to retire for good and all from the field of sport because his horses and dogs



MR. W. S. GLADSTONE.

are to be offered for sale. It seems the Colonel has at last come round to the opinion that a good animal costs no more to keep than a bad one, and for the future he will buy and own the best horses and dogs it is possible to get. Of course, the Colonel will retain some few of the horses at present in his stables—that is, if they do not fetch their value at auction. I should clear the whole lot without reserve and start again.



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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

For the past three weeks I have been laboriously protesting that the football season is dead. Methinks I do protest too much. At all events, it seems difficult to take leave once for all of the winter game. I am not wholly to blame. If the authorities will persist in carrying their final ties and International matches into April and summer weather, that is their look-out, not mine. But I do here solemnly assert that until next September I will not mention the glorious game again. That fact is that I took a special journey to Glasgow to see the great event of the year, the International between Scotland and England, and am dying to inflict a few critical remarks on the game to my readers.

My readers will remember my immaculate record as a prophet this season. Well, I have been at it again. In the face of the prevailing opinion that England would have an easy victory, I stoutly asserted that the game would be a close one, with a slight advantage in favour of the home team. Just to keep *The Sketch* on the right road, the opposing clubs agreed to play a game just as I had "*Sketched*" out. Up till four minutes of the end, Scotland was leading by two goals to one, when I whispered something to Reynolds, and the Aston Villa half-back winked the other eye, let drive, made the Scottish goal-keeper wink both eyes, so that he could not see the ball, and, hey, presto! the scores were equalised. The end was two goals each, although Scotland had really the best of the play.

It was the best International I have seen—indeed, in many respects the best of the great matches of the last twelve years. It was fast, fiercely fought, and scientific withal. Then, the teams were evenly matched. Try and strain as they might, they could not get the better of each other. Of the two, Scotland was the better balanced; their only weak spot was the goal-keeper. Haddow had only a couple of difficult shots to stop, and he failed at both. Gay, on the other side, had a dozen of teasers to keep out, and only two escaped him. England has never been represented by a better keeper than the old Cantab. The Scottish backs were a much stronger pair than the English couple. Pelly was very useful, game, but he was below his best form. Clare, too, was fairly out of it with the tricky Scotch forwards. The real weakness of England was at full-back. At half, however, the representatives of the rose were incomparable. A better trio than Holt, Reynolds, and Needham I do not wish to see. The Scottish there were good, but their *vis-à-vis* were grand. Scotland were, if anything, smarter forward. Gulliland and Blessington were even more dangerous than Goodall and Bassett, and that is saying a great deal. Smith, although not a great success in the centre, was certainly better than the Scot McMahon, who was as near a failure as possible. On the left, Lambie was much cleverer than Spikesley, at which some people marvelled much. I didn't. The much-vaunted Chadwick-Spikesley combination was knocked clean on the head by the dashing play of Donald Sillars. As for Dan Doyle, the Scottish captain, he was the best man on the ground, and one of the best backs that ever represented Scotland. On the whole, Scotland comes best out of the season's Internationals, with two wins and a draw as against England's two draws and a win.

I have to congratulate the Old Carthusians upon being the first to hold the Amateur Cup. In the Casuals they had worthy opponents in the final, and just won by two goals to nil. Perhaps the Casuals will console themselves by carrying off the London Charity Cup next Saturday.

Mr. J. Humble is the well-known chairman of the Woolwich Arsenal Football Company. He is a north-countryman, well versed in the Association game, and is generally popular among the professionals at Plumstead. In the transference of the club head-quarters from the Invicta Ground to Manor Field Mr. Humble took a very great interest, and his shrewd business capacity admirably adapts him for the position of chairman. He is a dark, pleasant-featured man, well on the right side of forty, and during the season now closing he has often accompanied the team in their engagements away from home.

We understand that the contending elevens representing the last three in the First Division of the League and the first three in the Second Division will meet on April 28. Preston North End play Notts County, Darwen play Small



Photo by Cobb and Keir, Woolwich.

MR. J. HUMBLE.

Heath, and Newton Heath meet Liverpool. The winner in these matches will remain in or elevate themselves to (as the case may be) the First Division of the League.

## GOLF.

From Glasgow to Carnoustie links, the famous golf course on the east coast of Scotland, is not a far cry. I shouldered my driver, brassie, cleek, iron, and putter, not to mention my niblick and spoons, for a few days' sport on the links where the Simpsons were born and bred. On the Saturday Mr. R. B. Sharp and Bob Simpson had a rare hard tussle, in which the professional finished only two up on the round. Mr. Sharp, if I mistake not, has given a few a fright in previous championships, and should he compete at Hoylake, he ought to come out not far from the top. It is not improbable that Bob Simpson will try his luck at Sandwich.

I heard of an extraordinary performance by Mr. R. H. Johnston the other day. It was at the Muirhead Meeting, where cracks like Mr. J. E. Laidlay were taking part. On the outward journey Johnston made an awful mess of his opportunity. A score of 48 for nine holes would have demoralised the play of most men. Not so with the dashing Edinburgh amateur. It only made him play all the better on the return journey, which he accomplished in 31, giving a total of 79. What is better, he won the medal, and Mr. Laidlay for once had to take a back seat. It is rather curious that in the same competition last season Mr. Johnston was in a similar plight at the end of the half journey, but recovered himself so far that he took second place.

At last the match between Rolland and Willie Park has been fixed up. It will take place at Sandwich during championship week in June. Rolland is the man for my money. It is, of course, to be hoped that the match will not be allowed to interfere in any way with the three great events of the week—the Open Championship, the St. George's Vase, and the Gentlemen v. Players contest.

## CYCLING.

One of the most important wheel meetings of the year will be held next Saturday at Herne Hill, in connection with the Surrey Bicycle Club. In former years this spring gathering of the cracks was wont to be held at Kennington Oval, and many a record crowd has been calculated at the home of Surrey cricket. But owing to the elaborate preparation of the Oval turf the Surrey wheelers have been obliged to fix upon Herne Hill for this year's venue. The following is the programme—

Ten Miles Scratch Race, for the sixth 50-guinea Challenge Cup, to be won three times before becoming absolute property of winner; first prize, Surrey Bicycle Club gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal; also two lap prizes, value £5 5s. and £2 2s. respectively. One Mile Scratch Race, for Sydney Trophy and prize value £5 5s.; second prize, value £3 3s. One Mile Handicap, first prize, value £10 10s.; second prize, £5 5s.; third prize, £3 3s. Five Miles Scratch Tandem Bicycle Race, first prizes, value £5 5s. each; second prizes, value £2 10s. 6d. each.

It is currently reported that G. P. Mills, the famous long-distance rider between John o' Groat's and Land's End, will not be seen on the racing path this year. It is a strange *penchant* of Mr. Mills, this long-distance frenzy. I had been hoping to see him more frequently at the great cycling meetings of the coming season, but the latest rumours are by no means satisfactory.

Meanwhile, F. J. Osmond will be seen at Herne Hill on the 28th inst. upholding his claim to the Brixton Cup, which, if he wins on this occasion, will become his absolute property. This well-known rider's favourite mount is a light Whitworth. Last year, it will be remembered, F. J. Osmond spent the cycling season in America on business matters intent.

The date of the National Cycle Show has already been fixed. The Carnival of the trade will be held at the Crystal Palace on Dec. 6, 7, 8, 10, and 11.

## CRICKET.

Yorkshiremen will soon be on parade, and practice is already being considered, and the annual match with the Nottingham colts takes place on the ground of the lacemen, June 14 and 15. I hear that no fewer than forty-eight applications have been made to the Yorkshire secretary by young and ambitious cricketers, which is a good sign of future talent in a team already clever and reliable. F. S. Jackson will, it is hoped, be able to give his undivided support to the Yorks Club this season.

There is some talk of a new Lancashire bowler in the person of Oakley. Mold, although exceedingly fast, was not particularly effective last year, and the County Palatine can certainly do with the infusion of new blood. I am glad to hear that Boy Briggs is to be the recipient of a benefit match on Whit Monday. The fixture is Yorkshire v. Lancashire, at Old Trafford. That evergreen sportsman, Mr. A. N. Hornby, in conjunction with Mr. S. M. Crossfield, will again look after the skippering of the team.

The Essex County Club hold their annual meeting on May 3 in the Pavilion, and this will be followed by a dinner. The turf at Leyton, by-the-way, seems to be of a much more hardy character than that of the Oval. Although footballers have been running riot over the ground all the season, yet the "*Apteds*" of Leyton are by no means apprehensive of their ability to convert the turf into shipshape order in readiness for the coming season.

OLYMPIAN.

## "RICHARD HENRY."

The advent of "Jaunty Jane Shore" at the Strand Theatre brings once more into public notice the two genial journalist-dramatists who are the component parts of the author's name. As all the world knows, Richard is Richard Butler, editor of the *Referee*, and Henry is Henry Chance, otherwise Chance-Newton, of the same paper. They have written together ever since "Pendragon" started the *Referee*, seventeen years ago, and have produced no fewer than fourteen plays. Burlesque is their strong point, in witness whereof one can remember "Giddy Godiva," produced at Astley's, "Frankenstein" and "Monte Cristo," which charmed away so many pleasant hours at the Gaiety, and "Launcelot the Lovely," which held the boards at the Avenue. They once committed a melodrama, yecept "Game," which went into the provinces, and theirs, too, was the gorgeous "Cinderella" pantomime, the last piece to face an audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. They have a more serious side to their dramatic character, as those pretty curtain-raisers, "A Happy Day," "First Mate," "Queer Street," and "Jubilation" serve to show. "Richard Henry" are, *par excellence*, journalists, and Fleet Street does not hold a cheecrier, 'cutter, more experienced pair of pressmen. They are practical from the tips of their toes to the hair of their head, well-informed, modest, and, withal, exceedingly smart. Theirs has been a very varied career, but to discuss it I am bound, against my will, to separate them.

Richard Butler has worked his way up, and has seen half a century of hard but successful work. Originally a reader on the *Daily Telegraph*, his first literary efforts appeared in the pages of *Fun* and the *Weekly Dispatch*. Ashton Dilke, proprietor of the latter paper, started the *Referee*, under the editorship of the late Henry Sampson, who first came prominently into public notice through a sporting article in the *Dispatch*, written over the *nom-de-guerre* "Pendragon." Butler joined the paper—to write its dramatic criticisms, I believe—but was not regularly on the staff until the then sub-editor left, when he took his place. Since then he has always been attached, and succeeded "Pendragon" as editor. Long may he reign.

Henry Chance-Newton, or to give him his proper name, Henry Chance, made his first appearance on this planet some forty years ago. He was a carver in ivory for some time, but while carving kept his eye on



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand, W.C.

MR. RICHARD BUTLER.

journalism, and constantly placed his effusions before every possible editorial eye. Quick returns may have compensated for no profits; let us hope they did, for it took him two years to get an opening on any paper. It was about that time that he seriously contemplated going on the stage, and I believe he is quite capable of having even gone so far as that. However it may be, the divinity that shapes our ends—which, by-the-way, as a carver in ivory, is the divinity he should have worshipped—stepped in and deprived him of his singing voice. In 1877, when the *Referee* was started, he joined Richard Butler thereon as dramatic

critic, and the two wrote as "Carados." In this best of all possible worlds one crime rapidly leads to another. First we find "Richard Henry" leaving their honest occupations to become journalists. We note their gradual descent past the pit of playgoing into the abyss of authorship. Some day they may break out in three volumes. Yet they



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand, W.C.

MR. H. CHANCE-NEWTON.

must enjoy a complete freedom from conscience in any of its forms. Meet them where you will, they are always smiling, and have a kind word for everybody, and generally a funny story for their more particular friends. Let other successful dramatists I have in my mind's eye take a leaf out of their book.

B.

## THE NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

Last Wednesday afternoon a crowded drawing-room meeting was held at 84, Harley Street, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Sansom, in aid of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road. This hospital is at the present time in great need of help, and a series of drawing-room meetings are being held in different parts of London to obtain money to pay off the debt of £4500 and for the completion of the building. The history of the hospital during the twenty-seven years of its existence tells of a hard and continuous struggle against financial difficulties. It was established in 1867 by Miss Phillips and her late sister, Mrs. Alexander Fox, who opened a dispensary for women and children in one of the poorest parts of Bethnal Green. The attendance there was so large that in the following year a bigger house was taken in the Hackney Road, and two wards, with twelve cots, were opened. Some years afterwards, the present site, at the corner of Goldsmith Row and Hackney Road, was acquired, but there was not sufficient money to carry out the original design for a hospital with 100 beds. The existing building contains only fifty-seven beds, but the committee trust that when the hospital is more widely known it will not be long before they raise the £10,000 required to complete the new wing. All these points were made clear to the meeting in an introductory speech by Dr. Sansom, who has been attached to the hospital, first as acting and then as consulting physician, for many years. At the close of Dr. Sansom's remarks, the programme commenced with a song, called "Yes, Children," delivered with great feeling and expression by Miss Cicely Trask. Mr. Rider Haggard then gave a reading. He chose a chapter from his novel "Jess," called "The Shadow of Death," and read in a thrilling manner the exciting and moving scene when Jess and her lover are swept down the flooded river, while the awful thunderstorm is raging above them. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome then read an amusing sketch, called "A Charming Woman," which roused much laughter, and, finally, the Rev. Canon Barker, in a brief and eloquent address, urged the strong claims of the hospital to the support of the benevolent.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

## TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

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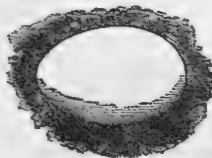
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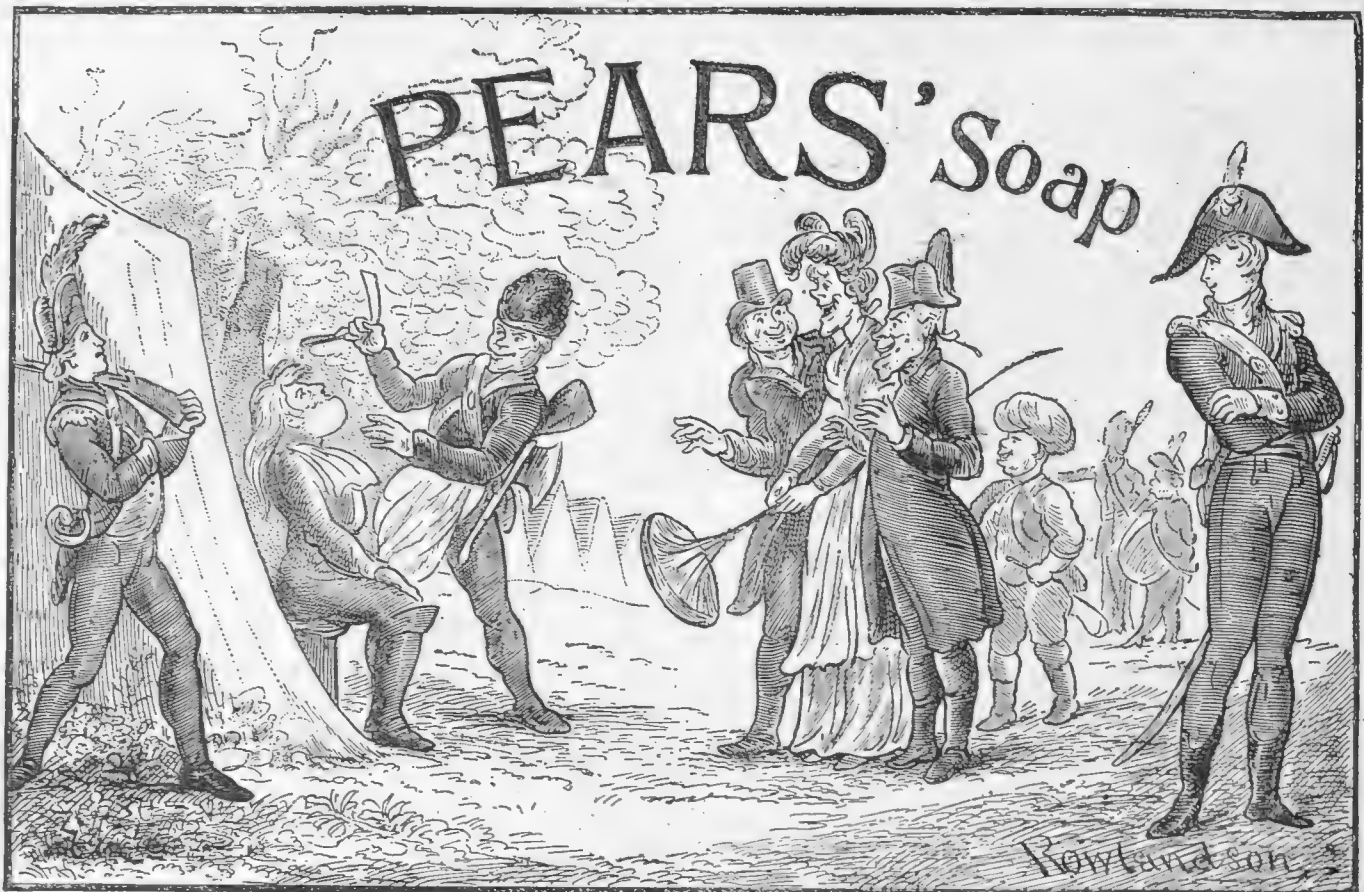
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Again we have had a kaleidoscopic turn in the situation. A few days ago everyone was talking of the Ministry going under and of a forced dissolution. These things, however, have not happened. The Government has had a fresh trial of strength, and, though it has come out with a diminished majority, yet its substantial prospects are, save for one or two awkward little circumstances, rather improved than otherwise. The fact is that the Monday night's division was rather more of a scare than anything else. It was not reasonable to suppose that when things came to the worst even the Radical malcontents would vote to turn out the Government on the question of a mere disposition of the time of the House of Commons. The trouble of the situation is the partial withdrawal of the Parnellites either for active or, indeed, any support of the Government. They are nine in number, and it is not likely that we shall see very much of them, save on the Evicted Tenants' Bill, for the rest of the session. There are one or two Radicals, or semi-Labour men, like Mr. Saunders and Mr. Keir Hardie—typical "cranks" both—who will not answer to the party Whip. All these things give the Government a majority, reckoning the Parnellites as abstainers, of twenty-four or twenty-five. Of course, if Mr. Redmond and his friends were to choose to vote against the Government, which I do not think they will do, the majority will be still further reduced to under a score. That would be a very ticklish situation, in which chance defeats might very well occur, but I don't think we are going to see anything of the kind. No one wants to turn the Government out just now, not even the Tories, for they are just as ill-prepared for a General Election as the Liberals. The present signs in the country do not point to any loss of strength on the Liberal side since 1892, and even if the Tories were to come back with a small majority, which is the utmost they could expect, the situation would be rather worse for them than that which now exists. People are, therefore, watching and waiting for the moment to strike a decisive blow, but in no way disposed to regard the existing situation as in any way decisive either of their hopes or their fears.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S DIFFICULTIES.

Of course, there is a serious feature of the situation, which arises, as it is bound to arise, from the fact that the Prime Minister is not in the House of Commons. I have always felt sorry for Lord Rosebery as he takes his place in the Peers' Gallery, and, looking over his crossed arms, gazes on the scene below. If he had a more energetic leader in the House of Commons things would be much better for him, and I think that every day which confirms his accession to power will improve his prospects. But these early days are a nervous time for a man who has only just succeeded to the enormous weight and responsibility which any man coming after Mr. Gladstone must needs take on his shoulders. I believe that Lord Rosebery is going to settle down to his place, and make an extremely good leader, tactful, wise, clear-headed, and vigorous. The trouble about him is that he is a trifle too sensitive to the light skirmishing of men like Mr. Labouchere, who, amusing and effective as they are as critics of a certain type, have very little influence on the course of constructive politics.

## WOULD MR. GLADSTONE COME BACK?

Curiously enough, there has been within the last few days some rather vague talk about Mr. Gladstone coming back to Parliament, though not to power. He will, it is rumoured, make an occasional speech, sit in the old seat that Mr. Forster once occupied, and generally show his hand on this or that point of public policy. I believe there is no truth whatever in these predictions. In the case of some of them the wish is undoubtedly father to the thought. People would not at all object to Mr. Gladstone taking the reins out of Lord Rosebery's hands before the new coachman is settled to his work. But nothing can be further from the truth. The fact, the sad fact, is that never again shall we hear Mr. Gladstone's voice within the walls of the House of Commons. I say never because that is at present the ex-Premier's decision, though he might waver in it. Supposing, for instance, a Church Discipline Bill, of which he disapproved, or a Divorce Bill, or some other measure, totally disconnected from party politics, were on the board; I cannot well imagine Mr. Gladstone staying out of it all. All these things, however, are in the highest degree unlikely. Mr. Gladstone is in retirement, and there he will remain.

A truly delicious bit of information with respect to the etiquette now current in "High Life Below Stairs" comes to us from a source that we must fain regard as well informed. We may have been shockingly ignorant, of course; but, really, we did not know before that in great houses it is the custom of "gentlemen's gentlemen" and "ladies' ladies" to *tip* the under-servants, part of whose duties may consist in waiting upon their High-and-Mightinesses!

An interesting presentation is about to be made to Captain Huukm Chand, of the 4th Punjab Infantry, by the British officers now serving with that regiment, at present stationed at Dera Ismail Khan, in the Punjab, on the occasion of his leaving this regiment after forty-four years' service. It will take the form of a handsome gold watch, by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, and it bears three separate inscriptions, giving the dates and places of the various actions in which this veteran was engaged.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

After the temporary mending of the Government ship at the beginning of last week, things went smoothly enough until the beginning of this, and now the Budget is troubling the waters again. Meanwhile, the Scotch Grand Committee has been dropped, to the disgust of the Scotch Radicals. But with Uganda, the Registration Bill, and the Budget on their hands, the Government must make up their mind to offend both Scotchmen, Welsh, and Irish, and take their chance of the result. The Welsh members are exceedingly angry at the precedence given to the Evicted Tenants' Bill over Welsh Disestablishment. Nor is the general atmosphere made less heated by Mr. Morley's introduction of the Registration or Radical Gerrymandering Bill.

## MR. MUNDELLA AS A JOKER.

Mr. Mundella is developing into a humourist. Can it be that this comes as a reaction from certain proceedings concerning the New Zealand Loan Company, as to which the right honourable gentleman has had to undergo examination before Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams? At any rate, he made the whole House roar with laughter last Wednesday by a mere recitation of the principal provisions (excuse the *double entendre*) in Mr. Hozier's Foreign and Colonial Fruit Bill. "Every package shall have a label attached," read Mr. Mundella, "marked 'Grown Abroad' in capital letters." Then the House began laughing as Mr. Mundella mocked, and went on as he recited how vendors must put the foreign fruit in paper wrappers duly marked "Grown Abroad," and suggested that every old woman's apple-stall must be labelled, top, bottom, and sides, under a penalty of £50. It isn't very funny to read; but when the President of the Board of Trade pursued the fruit from one group to another it was distinctly funny to listen to. "Apples, apricots, and asparagus," he began; "blackberries, cherries, and cobnuts; cranberries, cucumbers, and currants; strawberries, tomatoes, and walnuts"—meanwhile, the House was in convulsions as the great man enjoyed his own joke, and, finally, asked that such an absurd Bill should be refused a second reading with contempt. Mr. Hozier, a Scotchman, did not quite see the joke; but he had to accept defeat by 210 to 110. Mr. Mundella, when he does descend to buffoonery, is irresistible. Yet, after all, if we clear away the buffoonery and admit that Mr. Hozier's Bill was imperfect, the plain fact remains that a serious attempt to protect British fruit from fraudulent foreign underselling was contemptuously rejected. On the quays at Antwerp may be seen thousands of English packages waiting to receive inferior foreign fruit, which is brought over here and sold as English. This is just the sort of fraud against which the Merchandise Marks Act was passed. Margarine may no longer be sold as butter, and it is not considered silly and laughable to suggest that colonial and foreign meat should be marked as such. English fruit-growers may acknowledge that it is more difficult to mark apples and cherries than to mark legs of mutton, but one would have thought that the President of the Board of Trade might have mingled his jokes with some small recognition of the good objects aimed at by the Bill. But this Government has all along refused to pay any attention to the question of making English agriculture pay. Its only concern with the land is to relieve people of paying rent, and such things as that.

## MR. KILBRIDE'S LAND BILL.

So nobody could be surprised at Mr. Morley supporting Mr. Kilbride's Irish Land Bill, which passed its second reading by a majority of eighty-nine. Such a majority on an Irish question must have been the largest for a long time—in fact, since the Unionist majorities in the last Parliament. After the "normal majority of twenty-four," which the proceedings earlier in the week had shown us was all that is now expected on Government Bills, it was a rise indeed. But the Parnellites and several Ulster members and Liberal Unionists voted with Mr. Kilbride, whose Bill is, in principle, an extension and amendment of the existing Acts. The most respectable show of opposition, for even the Irish landlords were only half hostile, came from Mr. Brodrick, who protested against the second reading pending Mr. Morley's promised appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the Irish Land Acts. It is clear that either Mr. Kilbride's Bill must now be a dead-letter or the Committee a farce. Unfortunately, Mr. Brodrick was not exactly the man to raise this objection, as he had previously blocked the appointment of the Committee. And so a good argument was rather badly "given away." Subsequently, it was arranged that the Committee stage of the Bill should be postponed pending the result of Mr. Morley's inquiry.

## A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE.

I do not like to omit a brief reference to the proceedings of the House of Lords on the second reading of the Behring Sea Award Bill. The passing of this Bill makes the award law, and sets at rest the most difficult question which has divided Great Britain and America for a long time. The occasion was taken in the House of Lords to refer to the death of Lord Hannen, the English arbitrator, and Lord Kimberley, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Herschell all said some appropriate things of the deceased judge. The most interesting of these tributes, however, was that of the Lord Chancellor, who alluded to Lord Bowen as well. Lord Herschell and Lord Bowen were both pupils of Lord Hannen's thirty-four years ago. How well Lord Hannen and Lord Bowen came out of their contact with politics! That is the striking thing, politically, about Lord Hannen and Lord Bowen. Judges rarely touch politics without loss.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## "MRS. LESSINGHAM'S" DRESSES.

Mrs. Lessingham is a very much talked-about person just at present; but let people say what they will of her, there is one point upon which all women will agree—that is, that the gowns in the new Garrick piece which bears her name are exceptionally lovely; so let us turn our attention for the time being to these same gowns, for they are well worthy of notice. Miss Elizabeth Robins—Mrs. Lessingham—makes her first appearance in Act I. clad in sable garments, her face covered by a long and thick veil of crape; in fact, if her grief as a widow were to be measured by the yards of crape on her dress she would be inconsolable indeed; but the fact remains that here we have



MISS RORKE (ACT I.).

another strong proof of the advance of the fashion for wearing a quantity of crape as the outward symbol, at least, of woe, and, indeed, for those in deep trouble, I always think it seems the one fitting thing to wear. But to pass on to lighter subjects and brighter gowns. Pretty Miss Helen Luck, as Mrs. Hope Glen, next makes her appearance, looking delightfully smart in a dress of shell-pink moiré antique, with narrow black satin stripes, which are arranged in points in front. Round her waist is a draped band of black satin ribbon, drawn up rather high at the left side and tied in a bow, through which are drawn two or three pink roses, the long ends of the bow falling to the bottom of the skirt, and forming the only relief to its rich simplicity. The draped collar is of the black satin, and from it falls a deep berthe of cream guipure, while at the back—a very novel arrangement—is a little pointed yoke of black lace. To complete the toilette, there is a dainty bonnet of black straw, the crown covered by masses of pink roses, a wide bow of black moiré being placed at the back, and the strings, which are of black baby ribbon, fastening in a rosette under the left ear. Altogether, a delightful costume, but I quite forgot it for the time being when Miss Kate Rorke came in, looking lovely in a gown of rose-pink ondine, the skirt bordered with a narrow frill interspersed with fans of white lace. The bodice, which is a perfect work of art, is entirely covered, including the sleeves, with creamy-white silken lace, from which hang loosely any number of lace medallions, which, in their turn, are embroidered with pink silk. The particularly graceful basques, which are longer in front than at the sides, and fall in loose folds, are bordered with the same lovely trimming, while round the waist passes a band of black velvet, tied in a bow at the side, the lace medallions falling over it and beneath it. The lace collar is fastened in front with a knot of pale blue baby ribbon, and just for a moment Miss Rorke wears a picturesque hat of black straw, trimmed with trails of wonderfully natural-looking pink roses.

So much for Act I. And now for Act II. Miss Rorke dons a very original gown of pale fawn-coloured crépon, the narrow satin stripes going round the dress. The bodice and skirt are made all in one, the

folds at the waist being fastened at the left side by a long string of pearls and opalescent beads, intermixed with crystal beads, while the fulness of the back is caught up a little above the waist-line into a band in the shape of an inverted V, composed of white satin, embroidered with silver sequins, the same embroidered satin forming the collar and the cuff bands, from which fall little ruffles of lace. The back of the bodice is entirely veiled to the waist, with a deep hanging fringe of the pearls and beads, which pass over the shoulders in front in two knotted strings with long ends. I do not think I ever saw a more beautiful or original dress, and to help you to appreciate it somewhat I have had it sketched for you—in fact, Miss Rorke's two first gowns were what I decided on illustrating, for they are particularly full of good ideas, and yet are not too elaborate to copy. But I must not forget Miss Rorke's bonnet, which is composed of jet sequins, almost covered with pink roses, and trimmed at the back, with a big, outspreading bow of black satin, brocaded with pink roses, and with a jetted osprey rising from the centre. I must tell you that Madame Yorke, of 51, Conduit Street, is responsible for Miss Rorke's lovely millinery.

Miss Robins—still in black, of course—wears a tea gown of black moiré antique, the front entirely covered from throat to feet with flounces of heavily jetted net, bordered with jet fringes. The trained overdress, of black gauze, which allows the moiré design to show through, is bordered with a band of black moiré ribbon, the shoulder capes, which are finished off in the same way, falling over sleeves covered with the jetted net, while strings of jet sequins and beads hang beneath the arms. The collar is composed of three or four rows of cut jet beads caught together in the centre by a jet cabochon, and round the waist is a broad sash of black satin, the plain crossed ends in front, entirely covered with a trellis-work of glittering jet. The sombre effect is wonderfully relieved and brightened up by these scintillating jet trimmings.

Act III. is the moorland scene, and Miss Helen Luck looks charming in a short plaid skirt in black and green, with a smart little black cloth coat, most correct shirt and tie, and a red 'Tam o' Shanter, ornamented with black quills. Miss Rorke's costume is a perfect picture, and suits her to perfection. The short black serge skirt, bound with



MISS RORKE (ACT II.).

tan-coloured leather, displays to advantage a trim pair of tan boots; and the coat, of tan-coloured cloth, has black braided buttonholes and gold buttons, the cuffs and revers being turned back with black satin. She has a soft white silk shirt-front, prettily tucked, the turned-down collar being fastened with a small black bow; while a tiny vest of black satin appears above the corselet bodice of spotted terra-cotta silk, which is held in at the waist by a deep band of the tan cloth, fastened with a gold buckle, two tabs of the silk, bordered with a narrow edging of tan cloth, falling beneath the belt. A 'Tam o' Shanter' toque of tan cloth and black

[Continued on page 661.]

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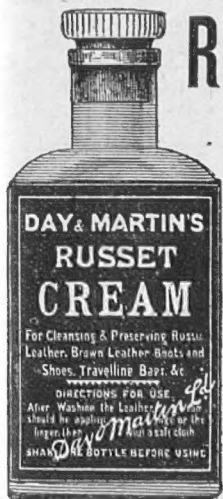
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satin, with two black quills run through it, completes a most original costume.

Miss Robins's dress stands out by reason of its difference to these business-like costumes. It is of powder-blue cloth, the skirt perfectly plain, and the coat bodice, with its lovely enamel buttons and the lace ruffles at the wrist, opening in front to show a jabot of creamy lace and a deep draped waistband of white satin, exquisitely embroidered in delicate tones of silk. Miss Robins also wears a black velvet Tam o' Shanter.

In the fourth and last act Miss Robins looks at her best in an exquisite Empire gown of rich pearl-white satin, the trained skirt bordered all round with a deep appliqué band of velvet primulas in faint tones of pink and mauve, the fulness of the corsage being caught in by Empire bands, on which the appliqué again appears, while the sleeves are formed of deep frills of lace, falling in points at the sides.

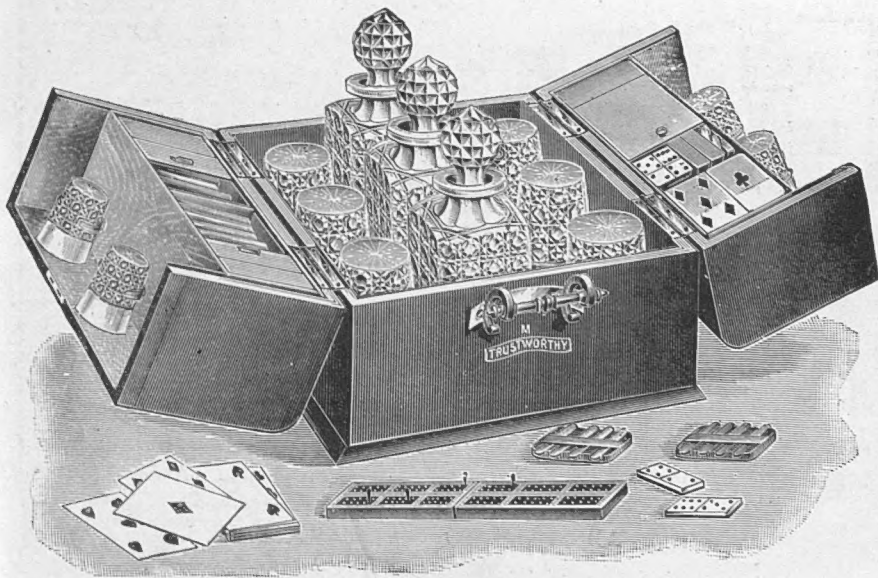
As for Miss Rorke's last gown, she only appears in it for a moment, and I must confess that when I should have been looking at it I was occupied in furtively wiping my eyes. However, I managed to see that it was of taffeta silk, brocaded with faint-hued roses and leaves, the bodice being trimmed with green chiffon, embroidered and fringed with silver sequins.

Then Miss Rorke slipped away, and I was free again to look my last on Mrs. Lessingham's white clad, motionless figure, across which Forbes-Robertson had flung out his arms in the abandonment of utter despair.

By that time I had succeeded in working myself into an abject state of misery, and I refused all consolation till (knowing my weakness) it was offered to me in the shape of sweets—really, I think that while there was any life in me at all I should be able to appreciate sweets, certainly if they were as altogether delicious as these particular ones, "Chocolat Suchard" creams. I wonder if you have ever tasted them: if not you have missed a treat, and I should advise you to remedy the omission at once. So delighted was I with these fascinating sweetmeats, that next day I invested in some of Suchard's cocoa also, my experiment being rewarded by a most delicious breakfast cup of a beverage which is wonderfully like chocolate, and which is particularly smooth and palatable. I don't think anyone could help liking it, while those who are fond of the real chocolate itself could not possibly want anything better than the "Chocolat Suchard," which has been famous for nearly seventy years. So, after all, my woes led to a good result.

#### NOVELTIES FOR PRESENTS.

The other day I was suddenly called upon to give my advice as to the most suitable present for a man to give to a friend of his who was about to enter into the bonds of matrimony. The giver was very firm on one point—he wanted a personal present for the bridegroom, for he seemed to think that the brides get everything, while the poor men are left comparatively out in the cold. My answer was to take him immediately



THE "LOMBARD" CABINET.

to Mappin and Webb's in Oxford Street, and there we found something which satisfied his every wish, a result which could not fail to be achieved in the case of the recipient of the gift also. It struck me as being such a splendid present for a man, that I felt I must tell you about it, as the information will, no doubt, be of use to you during this time of weddings.

The "Lombard" cabinet, then, has a very handsome polished oak or walnut case, with massive nickel silver mounts and handles, lock and key. It contains three large cut-glass bottles—best English make—and six tumblers, and is also provided with two aptly-named "nip" glasses. But this is not all; it is fitted with receptacles for cigars and cigarettes, while another sliding lid discloses stores of cards, dominoes, whist markers, counters—everything, in fact, that any masculine heart and mind could think of or desire to enable him to have a thoroughly good time with a party of choice spirits. I expect you will be as astonished as my friend was when I tell you that the price is only twelve guineas. It is really wonderful, and I am sure that this marvel of compactness, usefulness, and cheapness will gladden the heart of many a bridegroom-elect during the next few months.

Needless to say that when once I found myself among such a store of lovely things I simply could not go away without prospecting further. I spied out first a very pretty and useful novelty in the shape of an asparagus dish in Prince's Plate, with a curved cradle for the vegetable to rest on, while at each side was a prettily shaped sauce-boat, so that individual taste might be consulted, and the sauce taken or left at will, a much better plan than putting it actually on the asparagus. The price, too, was very moderate—only six guineas; but if you do not want to spend so much money there are other varieties with white china dishes supporting racks and servers of Prince's Plate, complete for one guinea, a price no one could grumble at. Then, if you want something quite new and quaintly original, you should see a new lobster salad-bowl of the pretty white melon ware; the lid, of Prince's Plate, having a cleverly constructed handle, consisting of a gilded lobster claw. At each side of the dish there is a lobster-claw handle in Coalport ware, the imitation of Nature being so wonderfully close that it is difficult to believe that a real claw has not been used. I must not forget to tell you that you can for the sum of £4 15s. become the possessor of one of these unique dishes. Equally quaint was a crystal biscuit-box, christened "The Owl," on account of its being shaped to represent the bird in question, the lid, which formed the head, being of Prince's Plate, with two wide-open brown eyes. A crystal beer-jug, the Prince's Plate lid having an automatic action, together with two quaint little glass beakers bordered with silver, was sold complete at £4 10s., the same price, by-the-bye, as the "Owl" biscuit-box, so, you see, you need not have a fortune to enable you to indulge in some of Mappin and Webb's good things.

For dainty prettiness I can recommend some simple but charming photograph frames with a perfectly plain silver border, and in the centre an outline heart, also in silver, destined to receive the midget photograph of some specially favoured one. There were others formed to represent various cards—eight of diamonds, for instance, or the six of clubs, and these would be charming for family photographs. Then, though I have not much sympathy with the game, I found a clock which would delight the heart of golf-lovers. It stood on crossed golf clubs, the pedestal being arranged to represent a smooth greensward, and for background there were flags and sticks, while right in the foreground was the inevitable golf ball, and all this for three guineas. A chased silver buckle and clasp combined, the side pieces taking off when it is wanted for a buckle, will commend itself to many, especially as it is only two guineas—in fact, it seems to me that it would be difficult to think of anything pretty and useful which you could not find at Mappin and Webb's. Just one word more to lovers of genuine old curiosities. I saw a wonderful old clock, which bore the date of 1650. It was black with age, and the works were all hopelessly rusty. Certainly, it was very interesting, but it seemed to me that, except as a curiosity, that clock had come to an end of its existence. But no; in another minute an exact facsimile was placed beside it—a thing of beauty and shining brass, rejoicing in new works, while still retaining its charming old exterior. And yet this clock had been like unto the other before Messrs. Mappin and Webb took it in hand. They had several more of these old curiosities, a fact which is worth noting, and, indeed, I hope that you will read, mark, and learn all I have told you about my visit to Mappin and Webb's, and store it up in your mind for future reference.

#### FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

While discussing dress and presents, I must not altogether forget the all-important subject of the means and ways of improving our appearance, and so I will just say a word in conclusion about the care of the teeth, for you may be as beautiful as the day in other respects, and if your teeth are not all that could be desired the effect is spoiled—how much more so, then, should people with only a fair, average amount of good looks do everything in their power to keep their teeth white! It is a very easy matter, after all—regular attention night and morning, with the aid of a thoroughly good dentifrice, is all that is necessary, and if you want a really excellent article, the merits of which have successfully stood the test of years, you need only ask at the nearest chemist's or stores for a box of Rowland's "Odonto," at 2s. 9d., and you will soon find a wonderful improvement. You cannot help liking the "Odonto" powder, for it is delightfully fragrant and pleasant, and it is very comforting to know that it is whitening and preserving your teeth at one and the same time, and saving you, doubtless, from many of those terrible visits to the dentist which everyone dreads with an intensity beyond my power of description; so provide yourself with a box of Rowland's "Odonto" without any further delay; you will be delighted with it, I am sure. FLORENCE.

Pilgrims to Bayreuth will rejoice to hear that the Master's earnest wishes with respect to "Parsifal" are to be carried out, and the performance of his favourite masterpiece is now assured at the annual festival for a period of at least eighteen years from the present. By an old Austrian law, the composer's or author's rights, as the case may be, only last ten years after his death, but Madame Wagner, by special favour of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has had the term prolonged in her favour for an additional two years. An amendment of this too short ten-year period is now, however, under discussion, and the Upper Chamber has already passed a law, extending the composer's sole rights to thirty years, which will, no doubt, pass the Lower Chamber of the Reichsrath with difficulty, as the proposed extension law is manifestly but a tardy rendered recognition of an artist's services to his time and country.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 14, 1894.

Money has been in some demand, and rates have slightly hardened, but the settlement has passed over in a very satisfactory way, and has shown improved business in nearly every department. The Bank rate, of course, remained unaltered, but the proportion of reserve to liabilities is once more up to over 61 per cent., and the position is very strong. We consider that everything points to a steady and gradual improvement of the Stock Exchange position, and we are pleased that, except in a few isolated cases, there has been very little in the way of market manipulation to account for the genuine buying that has gone on for the last three weeks.

The principal point of interest on the foreign Bourses during the last few days has been the expected issue in Paris of a new Municipal Loan, which is sure to be applied for many times over, notwithstanding the low rate of interest. The truth is that the French no less than the English investor has suffered so severely in "wild oat" schemes that anything like a solid security is sure to be snapped up with reckless avidity just now. The world, or, rather, the investing public, is tired of providing funds for railways to Damascus, or the moon, even if you call the security (?) a debenture, and add to the attraction a navigation service on the Sea of Galilee, with all its sacred associations. For the moment, a good municipal security, even though it does not yield more than 3 per cent., is far more fashionable. Consols have once more reached par or over, and Colonials are at quite, if not over, their value. We have executed your order for Western Australia 4 per cent. inscribed stock, dear Sir, and enclose you the contract note. Of course, the security, so far as interest is concerned, is as nearly absolute as anything can well be, and you have chosen the most progressive of the colonies, but the price we had to give seems to us full value.

In Home Railways, dealings have been active in Brighton A stock, which has jumped about under the manipulations of bucket-shop operators. It is said that one firm of outside brokers sent out 5000 telegrams during the week, recommending the purchase of this security, and, however this may be, there is no doubt that our tip to avoid being caught a "bear" has been fully justified. We are inclined to consider North-Easterns still the pick of the basket among the heavy lines.

We never feared, as you know, the Silver Seigniorage Bill, and whenever the Senate can be induced to pass the tariff legislation now before it we feel confident that the long depression from which the States have suffered will rapidly disappear; but party politics are far more important than national prosperity in the land of the Stars and Stripes, and until the elections are over it may suit the Republicans to obstruct any legislation which may be for the country's good. Norfolk and Western Preference at about 26 are not absurdly inflated, and although Baltimore and Ohio South-Western 4½ per cent. bonds have reached 105, they cannot be considered dear when the security is taken into account. Missouri, Kansas, and Texas shares at anything under 17 and Erie at a trifle over are, in our opinion, sure to produce profit to the people who can buy and lock up, but we would rather purchase the former than the latter if the operation is to be a mere gamble in differences.

We hear of further proposed deals in connection with the Baring estate which speaks well for the continuation of the present Stock Exchange revival. Even the worst kind of International stocks, like Spanish, Greek, and Portuguese, have been very firm, but we far prefer for our money and yours, dear Sir, Uruguay 3½ stock even at 43½ or Mexican silver bonds at 19. Whatever arrangements Mexico may be obliged to make as to its gold obligations, there can be no doubt that all its silver liabilities will be met in full. Russia 4 per cent. stock at over par is very good for our friends in France to buy, and if you or any of your friends have some of it locked away we strongly urge you to let our kind Continental friends relieve you of your holding; but do not accuse us of having advised you to sell a "bear," which, considering the character and strength of the great financial houses by whom Russian credit is supported, would be a dangerous operation.

Do not be afraid of your Peruvian debentures, dear Sir, and stick to your Argentine holdings, which it would be madness to sell now, especially those Buenos Ayres Drainage bonds which you secured very cheaply some months ago, and which will yet yield you further profits and good interest.

Probably it is in the Industrial, Mining, and Trust markets that the late revival of business has been most marked. Several American breweries have improved in price, and the debentures of such concerns as the United States Brewing Company may be considered excellent security for people who like 6 per cent. and very little, if any, risk. The ordinary shares of this and other companies have been freely dealt in of late, and yield at present prices, in several cases, over 13 per cent. The shares of J. and P. Coats, Liebig's Extract, and Price's Patent Candle Company are all fair industrial risks in which the purchaser is sure of honest management, and, as far as we can see, a fair return for his money.

We would urge you not to be caught by the specious pretences with which the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Company desires to obtain your approval to the so-called reorganisation scheme. Sit upon your debentures, dear Sir, and do not give them up to anyone.

The position of the Industrial and General Trust directors is getting critical. For the present we advise you to side with neither party and to keep an open mind. If Mr. Frederick Walker could be induced to

take the matter up—we know he is an original shareholder—you could not do better than trust him with your proxy, for of his capacity no one ever had a doubt, and of his honesty and disinterestedness after the way he led the Trustees Corporation shareholders to victory, and then waived his own claims to any reward, even the most sceptical must be convinced.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The week has not been fruitful in new companies, and only two prospectuses have reached us.

VEUVE MONNIER ET SES FILS, LIMITED.—This concern came originally from a bad source, and has ever since tried, unsuccessfully, to make the world forget its parentage. The directors are inviting subscriptions for the balance of the issue, which was unsuccessfully attempted some few months ago, and the old story of the "Max Sutine" brand is trotted out again. We believe the concern is reasonably honest, but those of our readers who subscribe for the shares offered must not expect a market for their investment, and will find it is far easier to get in than to get out. If you have a pound to invest, you had far better spend it in three bottles of "Max Sutine 1884" than in a share of this company.

THE TOWERS HILL GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—The lists have closed, but it may not be too late to withdraw an application. This is a Charters Towers Company, and we are told by experts from this goldfield that it is not a desirable investment. The cream of the country has, so far, proved to lie in the region of the Day Dawn, Queen, and Brilliant reefs, and this venture is, in our opinion, not only over-capitalised, but likely to prove unsatisfactory by reason of the narrowness of the gold-bearing rock and the hardness of the ground through which the vein runs. Let the local people keep it themselves, for, as far as our information goes, nothing good has yet been found upon the line of reef which the company will have to work.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.*

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

*Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MALVERNIA.—We strongly recommend you not to sell your Buenos Ayres 6 per cent. stock at this moment. You have seen, in our opinion, the worst of the Argentine crisis, and there is every probability of some arrangement being come to for dealing with the various provincial loans. Hold Argentine 1886 loan. We do not like any security of the Grand Trunk Railway, but the debentures should be fairly safe.

CARLO.—We are sorry for you. This English and Scottish Mercantile Investment Trust was captured in 1889 by the Pollock-Coleman "gang," and has, like everything else, been brought to ruin by them. We fear that you will not see one shilling from your preference or ordinary shares, but if you subscribed on the prospectus of 1889 you have a good claim against the directors. Communicate with us again if this is so, but otherwise write it off as a bad debt.

H. R. W.—You do not say what interest you wish to make of your money. Buy Western Australia 4 per cent. stock, City of Wellington Waterworks Loan, City of Dunedin 6 per cent. debentures, 1925, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western 4½ bonds, Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway 4 per cent. debentures, Gordon Hotel debentures and Industrial 3½ debentures, and you may rest in peace.

C. W. F. W.—Very little is known in London of the concern you refer to, except that it came out through a bad source. The debentures have no quoted price, and we do not think you could find a buyer in London. We advise you to ask your bankers to make inquiries through their Leeds correspondents, and if they cannot find you a purchaser write to us again.

LIVERPOOL.—You need be under no apprehension as to the safety of the Gordon Hotel shares you hold. Buy more.

H. J. P.—Spiers and Pond debentures are all right. We wish all our clients had such "gilt-edged" securities.